

The Catholic Record

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Pacien, 4th Century.

VOLUME XXXVIX.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, APRIL 28 1917

2010

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1917

THE CHRISTIAN IDEAL

The Christian ideal of civil government must surely be the promotion of the highest well-being of the people, but even this great end is not to be pursued without regard to the claims of others, and a Christian nation ought ever to be distinguished by its scrupulous respect for the rights of its neighbors and its just consideration of their interests.

The true patriot regards his country not as a tawdry mistress, but as a dear wife whose untarnished reputation is more precious than life itself.

CARDINAL GIBBONS

"A Retrospect of Fifty Years," by Cardinal Gibbons, will find a wide circulation. These reminiscences of an eventful life that has seen much and has been no inconsequential factor in the progress of the Church in the United States, are a treasure-house of wisdom and of inspiration.

"The work of Cardinal Gibbons," says Archbishop Ireland, "forms an epoch in the history of the Church in America. He has made the Church known to the people of America; he has demonstrated the fitness of the Church for America, the natural alliance existing between the Church and the freedom-giving democratic institutions of America. Thanks to him, the scales have fallen from the eyes of non-Catholics; prejudices have vanished. He is large-minded; his vision cannot be narrowed to a one-sided consideration of men or things. He is brave; he has the courage to speak and to act according to his convictions; he rejoices when men work with him; he works when men fall away from him."

The "Retrospect" gives some intimate details of the Vatican Council. We are told that the Knights of Labour, banned in Canada, were, through the efforts of the Cardinal, saved from a similar fate in the United States.

Professor Bodley, if we remember aright, said in his impressions of a visit some years ago that Cardinal Gibbons was one of the two great men that the New World had turned out in his generation. We believe that no one will dissent from this view. The Cardinal is great in his knowledge of men, in his wise and enlightened toleration for the opinion of others. He has the genius of method and system which produces more substantial results than mere intellectual cleverness. He has the tact to speak at the right moment; his word is direct and incisive and always indicating a simplicity of character and kindly heart and the comprehensive sympathy that has gained and retained the friendship of men of all creeds and of all parties. As a churchman, his name is not writ in water on our annals. May the revered Cardinal of Baltimore, who sees men and things by the light of charity, have golden years to lead the hosts of God.

WORDS OF THE WISE

To attack another's faults is doing the devil's work; to attack our own is doing God's work. There is no beauty fair of complexion, or form, or behaviour, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us. Religion is the true source of perpetual youth and communicates to all our sentiments, duration, brilliancy, and peace. The one want of love should be that loving God so much we do not love Him more. Yet we are so little, so occupied with many things, as Martha was so full of the exaggerations of self-love, that it is not easy to love God more. We have not the courage to empty our own hearts; so He empties them for us, and it seems cruel. A great cross means a great grace.

The human heart is like heaven, the more angels the more room. The eye that is quick to see a fault, and the ear that loves to listen to criticism, and the tongue that brags—these will be signs of a praying soul when the rainbow comes to be the emblem of despair—and not before. Better often hold back a truth than speak it ungraciously.

All egotism and selfish care or regard are, in proportion to their constancy, destructive of imagination, whose play and power depend altogether on our being able to forget ourselves and enter like possessing spirits into the bodies of things about us.

MESSAGES OF LOYALTY

MESSAGE OF CARDINAL GIBBONS

Notable among the declarations of loyalty which the entrance of the United States into the world-war has called forth are the patriotic statements of our three American Cardinals and of other members of the Catholic Hierarchy. We have no need of publicly proclaiming our patriotism, which has been proved in every great national crisis, but the purpose of the prelates of the Church has been to guide Catholics in the fulfilment of their duties and to urge them to implore the Divine mercy that the blessing of peace may be speedily restored to us. Though Cardinal Gibbons has always preached the message of Christian peace, he declares that now the country is involved in war there must be no shirkers. He himself is ready to give it all his support. Maryland, he desires, should be one of the first States to offer the President the full number of men demanded of it for the navy.

In the present emergency it behoves every American citizen to do his duty and to uphold the hands of the President and the legislative department in the solemn obligations that confront us. The primary duty of a citizen is loyalty to country. This loyalty is manifested more by acts than by words; by solemn service rather than by empty declamation. It is exhibited by an absolute and unreserved obedience to his country's call.

Whatever Congress may decide in this crisis, the Cardinal insists, should be unequivocally complied with, and all should pray that the Lord of Hosts may inspire our national Legislature and Executive in the conduct of the war.

CARDINAL FARLEY'S PASTORAL LETTER

Cardinal Farley issued a special pastoral letter to be read on April 15 at the Masses in all the churches of his archdiocese. Long and anxiously he too had hoped that we should not be drawn into the seething vortex of the world-war. But what had been so ardently and wholeheartedly desired was not to be. "Our country had to take up the arms that were forced into her hands." His letter is a summons to American citizens to hearken to her call:

"Our President having spoken, and our national representatives having spoken, the response to the voice of authority they embody will be that we shall rally round the flag with the completest fulness of devotion, and with most loyal hearts and most sturdy arms place all that we have and all that we are at our country's service. We shall not shrink from any sacrifice in her behalf. We shall render to her what our Catholic faith and our Catholic teaching sanction, nay sanctify. No demand on our American manhood or American citizenship will go unanswered or will not find us true Americans, true children of our Church, that never was found wanting in any crisis of American history."

With our path thus lying straight before us, he implored the blessing of Almighty God that we might walk in it steadfastly and unwaveringly to the end.

CARDINAL O'CONNELL'S APPEAL

No less decisive are the words of Cardinal O'Connell. There is but one sentiment permissible to-day, he says, and that sentiment is absolute unity. "We are of all races; to-day we are one—Americans. Whatever we can do in honor and justice, that we must do in conscience to defeat our enemies and make our flag triumphant." In the midst of Holy Week's solemnities our Government had decreed that we are at war with Germany. In recommending this action the President had called God to witness that he "could do nothing else." His Eminence therefore makes the following application:

"That these events of tremendous import to us and to the world happened while still we were upon our knees around Golgotha, only added to their tragic meaning. Our country is at war—our nation therefore needs us all, every man, woman and child of us, to strengthen her to hearten her, and to stand faithfully by her until her hour of trial has passed and her hour of glorious triumph shall arrive. So up from our knees! Our souls have gathered strength from the sight of Calvary. Our hearts are only the more deeply stirred to loyalty by the sight of Him who gave Himself to death for us. God and our nation! Let us lift up that cry to Heaven."

In conclusion Cardinal O'Connell points to the glory of the risen Christ with His lesson of courage and triumph and that "not all the riches of the world are worth a passing thought in comparison with the things that endure forever."

WORDS FROM CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOPS

"The moment the President of the United States affixed his signature to the resolution of Congress all differences of opinion ceased," declares Archbishop Mundelein. The hope that the country might be saved from taking part in this world-tragedy, he says, has passed, and therefore now he himself, his 800 priests and the 1,000,000 Catholics of his archdiocese will "seriously, solidly and loyally" stand by the Government. Even before the declaration of the existence of a state of war Archbishop Moeller had specially recommended to his clergy the Ohio Catholic Women's Association for War Relief. "If war should be declared," he wrote, "we are sure that Catholics will conscientiously do their duty and never be wanting in patriotism and loyalty during the fearful crisis." Archbishop Prendergrast, in turn, recalled to his priests the noble and heroic part which our fathers in the Faith had taken "in establishing and maintaining this home of freedom," and prayed that we too would be as ready as they to stake on the cause "our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor." In a discourse on "Patriotism" delivered by Archbishop Ireland in his Cathedral at St. Paul, he declared:

"When America sounds its bugle call we are all Americans, Americans by birth or Americans by the sacred oath we one day pronounced. Years ago we were Irishmen, Germans and Frenchmen; to-day we are all Americans. Americans we are resolved to be forevermore. The words of St. Paul, 'Let everyone be subject to the higher powers,' tell us of our duties to our country. To-day we defy the men who belie us, and challenge them to equal us in sacrifice, to be as quick as we are to rally to the voice of the President of the United States."

Special prayers and devotions have already been ordered in various dioceses, for it is with sad hearts that all contemplate the inevitable miseries of war. "May the echoes of our sorrowing hearts ascend to the Sacred and Adorable Heart of Jesus," pleads Archbishop Moeller, that it may vouchsafe in its infinite mercy "to reunite all nations in one great Christian brotherhood."—America.

POPE BENEDICT

ON DEVOTION TO HOLY NAME

LETTER TO U. S. CARDINALS

Pope Benedict XV. has addressed the following letter to the American Cardinals on devotion to the Holy Name which will be of great interest to members of the Holy Name Society: Beloved Sons and Venerable Brethren, Health and Apostolic Benediction.

When we consider the condition of the Catholic Church in the United States of America, various causes for rejoicing occur to us. For the Civil Government assures freedom of all religious worship, the Clergy, acting under the initiative and leadership of the Bishops, gives evidence of diligent zeal for the salvation of souls, and the Laity manifests generosity in support of religious worship. And whilst rejoicing over the progress hitherto made by the Church in that country, we confidently look forward to even greater progress in the future.

Nevertheless there are certain features which occasion us grave solicitude. We mention especially the facility with which divorce is procured, which effects the ruin of the foundation of the family; an immoderate liberty that reverses scarce any authority, even parental; the familiar association with non-Catholics in various organizations which in many ways works to the injury of the faith of our youth; the general, wide-spread financial prosperity which begets innumerable allurements to sin.

HOW SOCIETY HELPS YOUNG MEN

To counteract these evils we know that you have adopted apt means; and most apt are those by which the minds of our young men are imbued with the principles of religion that the profession of Christian faith and the practice of Christian virtue become habits of a life-time. Especially is this true of the Holy Name Society, whose particular object is to promote in all a pious reverence for the adorable majesty of God, and at the same time engender respect for human authority as coming from God; and as a natural consequence it inculcates obedience to divine and human law as an obligation of conscience, which is the rule of Christian life.

Without referring to other commendable features, it is therefore a matter of great consolation to us that the Society labors energetically to suppress the widespread vice of perjury and the rash and even contumelious use of the Name of God; that it omits no occasion to give public expression to its faith in the Divinity of Christ; that it urges Catholics, especially youth, to approach the altar rail frequently in a body for the reception of the Holy Eucharist, which is the source of holiness.

With great joy We learned that the members of the Society now number more than a million, and that almost half that number is accustomed to receive Communion monthly. Much, therefore, through the divine assistance has been accomplished by the Society; justly do the Dominican Fathers share with you the praise that is due. But you also realize that much remains to be done, especially that our youth may be reared under the protecting care of Holy Mother Church and, by frequent reception of the Holy Eucharist, be strengthened against a spirit of spiritual slothfulness and a decline of religious fervor.

We need not exhort you to a diligence in the exercise of your pastoral office; your sense of a duty so intimately connected with the salvation of so many souls is sufficient. As a presage of divine favor and in testimony of Our Benevolence, We lovingly impart to you, Beloved Sons and Venerable Brethren, to our beloved son, John McNicholas, Director of the Holy Name Society in the United States, and to all the members of that same Society, the Apostolic Benediction.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's on the 15th day of January, 1917, in the third year of Our Pontificate.

BENEDICT, XV. Pope.

PROMINENT MASON JOINS TRUE FOLD

WAS CONVERTED TO CATHOLIC FAITH SIX WEEKS BEFORE HIS DEATH

Mr. Walter Donovan, a resident of Dallas for the past twenty-eight years and one of the most prominent plumbing contractors in North Texas, died on Wednesday, April 4th, and was buried from the Cathedral of the Sacred Heart on the following Monday.

Six weeks before his death Mr. Donovan made his submission to the Church and thereafter, until the day of his death, received Holy Communion every morning. Prior to his submission he had been one of the most prominent and active Freemasons in the South. He was considered unusually enlightened in the art of Freemasonry. His prominence in Masonic circles can be shown from the fact that he was instructor in the highest degrees of the Scottish Rite at the reunions. He was a member of every Masonic body, having passed through all the degrees of the York Rite, from "Entered Apprentice" to "Knight Templar." He was also a member of the "Shrine" and had received all degrees of the Scottish Rite, of the "Obedience of the Sea" of the Grand Orient, of Charleston, sitting in Washington, D. C., of which he was a thirty-third degree member; he was also a member of the Red Cross of Constantine. He made his first steps in Masonry in Oswego, N. Y.

Mr. Donovan professed, in the presence of the highest degree Masons and prominent Catholic gentlemen who called upon him, that he took the step of submission to the Catholic Church most deliberately, because he realized that the Catholic Church alone is the impartor of the Divine Light.

The last five weeks of his life were most edifying to all those who gathered about him and his only ambition, in the event that he would restore him to health, was to practice the faith of the Catholic Church, and to teach its catechism to the rising generation.—Buffalo Echo.

TO SUCCEED NORFOLK

ENGLAND'S NEW EARL MARSHAL, LORD EDMUND TALBOT

Lord Edmund Talbot, Conservative member of parliament for Chichester and formerly commanding the Eleventh Hussars, is, by direction of King George, to undertake the duties of earl marshal of the realm, of chief butler of England, and of president of the Court of Chivalry and of Honor in the Royal College of Heralds during the minority of his nephew, the nine-year-old Duke of Norfolk, these dignities being hereditary appurtenances of the dukedom.

Lord Edmund will therefore be acting earl marshal of the realm during the twelve years that must elapse before the little duke attains his majority, while in the event of the boy dying without issue, Lord Edmund would at once succeed to the dukedom and all the hereditary honors, prerogatives, and entailed estates, being the next heir.

Lord Edmund is the only brother of the late duke. Like him, he is short in stature, but much more trim in appearance. He is rich in his own right, having inherited all the huge personal property of the 17th Lord Shrewsbury, the last of the Catholic earls of that line, who died without issue.

Lord Edmund Talbot is married to Lady Mary Bertie of the Catholic house of that name, that is headed by the Earl of Abingdon, who won the Distinguished Service order on

the battlefield during the Boer war in 1900. He has one son, and in the event of both of them dying it is Lord Howard of Glossop who will become next heir to the dukedom of Norfolk, to its hereditary honors, and its entailed estates.—St. Paul Bulletin.

GERMAN PRISON CAMPS

PEOPLE JAILED FOR SHOWING KINDNESS

New York, April 11.—James W. Gerard, American Ambassador to Germany, told the members and guests of the Canadian Club of New York at a dinner in the grand ballroom of the Biltmore of inhuman treatment of prisoners of War by the Kaiser's military authorities. The 1,500 diners received with groans of indignation and shame the former Ambassador's recitation of how the German authorities imprisoned townsfolk for giving food and drink to starving Canadian prisoners of War; how German sheep hounds were trained to bite British soldiers; how small German boys were allowed to shoot arrows tipped with nails into the bodies of prisoners, and how when typhus broke out in a camp of Russian prisoners they sent Frenchmen and Englishmen to live with them.

It was the first time since he returned from Germany that he had told of any of these things he had seen. He saw them on visits to the prison camps in the capacity of the official representative of the British and Canadian Governments. Mr. Gerard began his speech by referring to Germany as "that country where they were so fond of me that they kept me a week after I said I wanted to go home."

"I want to tell you Canadians tonight," he said, "some of the things I saw your fellow-countrymen endure in the German prisoner of war camps. You, sitting here in the Biltmore, cannot imagine the horror of living two and a half years in a German prison camp. I know, because I saw."

TO JAIL FOR GIVING FOOD

"One day I read in the North German Gazette a paragraph which told that a number of the inhabitants of a northern German town had been guilty of improper and unpatriotic conduct toward prisoners of war, and that they had been jailed for varying terms and their names printed in the North German Gazette, that their names might be exposed to shame and their falsity made known to generations of Germans to come."

"I said to myself, 'Good, at last some of these Germans are to be punished for mistreating prisoners of War.' I directed the American Consul there to make a report on the matter. He sent back word that a trainload of Canadian prisoners of War was being taken through the town when it was necessary to put the train on a siding. Some of the prisoners communicated to curious townsfolk gathered about the train that they were starving and had nothing to drink. The townspeople had given them food and drink and that was the crime for which they were imprisoned and held up to shame."

"I had seen small boys, with German simplicity and kindness, march about the prison camps armed with bows and arrows, shoot arrows tipped with nails at prisoners, but I had not before heard of such a thing as this."

"I had read in history that at the beginning of the Reformation Martin Luther nailed his thesis to the door of the cathedral. After this you know who I would like to have nailed to that door."

PRISONERS PUT WITH TYPHUS PATIENTS

"Another time there was typhus fever in a camp where Russians were interned. Saying that all the Allies should stick together, the Germans placed English and French prisoners with the Germans in the typhus camp, thus condemning numbers of them to certain death."

"At another camp I visited they had trained German sheep dogs to bite British, and when the guards went through the camp they took the trained dogs with them, and it was seldom that they failed to bite British soldiers. I complained to Berlin about the matter, and for a long, long time my complaint was unnoted. Nothing was done until I told the Commandant that I was a very good pistol shot, and that I felt like going out and shooting some trained dogs and seeing what they would do about it. Shortly afterward the Commandant was removed."

Sir William Hearst, premier of Ontario, was the guest of the club on the occasion of Mr. Gerard's speech.

Ah! if men but knew in what a small dwelling joy can live, and how little it costs to furnish it.—Souvestre.

We accept every person in the world as for which he gives himself out, for something. We can put up with the unpleasant more easily than we can endure the insignificant.

SHAMELESS MENDACITY

The Rev. Robert Speer, who some years ago was forced to acknowledge that an "encyclical" which he had used in an effort to discredit the priests of Chile was a base forgery, has been caught at his old tricks again. This time, Father Tierney, S. J., editor of America, has caught him quoting from one Robertson, a calumnious on the Catholic clergy which he attributed to St. Francis Liguori. Asked to point out the original quotation (which never existed) he lapsed into silence. Speer is Secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Missions. He has had experience enough to warn him of the unreliability of anti-Catholic writers and their "quotations." It is only about six years ago that Rev. Charles Martin of Ohio traced him his supposed "encyclical" and showed it to be an utter forgery. But Speer, although compelled to make the humiliating acknowledgment in that case, returned to his trade of calumniating the South American clergy. We wonder if that is what the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions pays him for? He displays a recklessness that is deplorable, even in such an unholly cause as circulating calumnies for money.

This secretary of a foreign missions board is but a type of the many "returned missionaries" from South America. They seem to be incapable of telling the truth about conditions there. Perhaps they have found from experience that the more lurid stories they tell the more generous are the contributions for their missions. Whatever be their motives, they have done immense harm to this country by creating prejudice against us in all South Americans who naturally resent their unscrupulous falsifying. But we suppose they will go on, like Speer, in spite of the exposure of their falsehoods. They are incorrigible and have become shameless in their mendacity.—True Voice.

A METHODIST TRIBUTE

TO THE FOUNDER OF THE JESUITS

"Ignatius Loyola, the Man with a Vision," was the title of a rather notable article which appeared in a recent number of the Pittsburg Christian Advocate, the organ of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and of which the writer is Lane W. Lancaster. In some places it is marred by the prejudice that might naturally be expected in such a production; but on the whole it evinces a broad, reverent, and keenly appreciative spirit. After expressing the opinion that some of "the most zealous adherents to the plan of world-evangelization are comparatively ignorant of the origin of the modern missionary movement," he proceeds; it is true that Protestant Britain gave us Zachary Macaulay and David Livingstone, that our own country has sent forth a Thorburn, Bashford and a Headland to work mightily for the gospel; yet it was Catholic Spain that gave birth to the first real modern missionary. This was Ignatius Loyola, a man with a world vision."

An interesting sketch of the conversion of the saintly and militant founder of the great order of Jesuits he concludes in this way: "His sanguine military spirit once influenced by the accounts of Christian martyrs, the erstwhile soldier of Spain found himself presently enrolled under a far more powerful leader in the army of the Cross. We have no reason to believe that at this time Loyola passed through any such period of self-torture and agony as that which converted John Bunyan a century later, but still the conversion was no less complete. In 1521, at the age of thirty, Ignatius Loyola renounced the world and entered fairly into the service of God." To St. Ignatius' sons he pays a merited tribute: "It was the Jesuit priest who first broke down the barriers of seclusion in China and Japan and gave to a wondering posterity its first authentic news of these distant lands; it was the Jesuit priest in the days of French domination in the valleys of the St. Lawrence and Mississippi, who bore with him the story of the Cross to the Indians and who nurtured the soul of the hardy French settlers in Lower Canada; it was the Jesuit missionary who first planted education among his fellowmen wherever the armies of Europe planted the flag of conquest and dominion. We owe two debts to Ignatius Loyola—the splendid ideal of universal missionary enterprise, and the union of a doctrinal loyalty and an efficient educational scheme." The writer is mistaken, however, in regard to the present condition of the Society of Jesus. "But," he says, "like all similar undertakings, Jesuitism accomplished its work and passed away. Its membership and influence slowly dwindled," etc. Far from having "passed away" the order is in a flourishing condition today. It has no fewer than 17,000 members, notwithstanding the expulsion of the order from Germany and France.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Bishop Dowling of Des Moines has purchased the Des Moines College, a Baptist institution, for \$130,000. Bishop Dowling intends to use the property as a diocesan college in charge of priests and other teachers.

The Holy Name Societies of the diocese of Newark, N. J., recently presented a handsome automobile to Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connor. The car bore the simple inscription "Compliments of the Holy Name Men of the Diocese."

The Tablet records that Mr. Coningsby Clarke, a well-known song writer, who is serving with the Worcestershire Regiment, Salonika Field Force, the only surviving son of the late Colonel Clarke, C. M. G., Royal Artillery, and brother of Miss Isabel Clarke, the novelist, has been received into the Church by the Rev. Henry Day, S. J.

The Converts' League, founded some time ago for the purpose of propagating the Catholic Faith, is gaining in popularity. New Jersey and Buffalo have organized branches during the past few weeks. Eleven hundred converts, presented themselves for membership at the Buffalo meeting. The League includes leaders in the business and professional world and scholars of world-wide reputation.

It is a well-deserved honor which has been conferred on Mgr. W. L. Keatinge, C.M.G., of being promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, on his appointment as principal chaplain to the British forces at Salonika. Mgr. Keatinge, at the beginning of the European War, was made senior Catholic chaplain to the British expeditionary forces, and in 1915 received his C. M. G., also being mentioned in dispatches.

The following figures show the proportion of Catholics in the Massachusetts regiment which served on the Mexican border. Out of 1,560 members of the Ninth regiment, 1,400 were Catholics, and 900 of the 1,370 men in the Second regiment were Catholic. In the Eighth regiment a third of 1,390 men were Catholics, and more than half of 1,400 men who comprised the Fifth regiment were of the old faith.

Large subscriptions have been received in Venice to a fund inaugurated by the Cardinal Patriarch Laffontaine of that See, for the erection of a votive Church for the protection of the city against air raids. The formula of the vow, publicly proclaimed in St. Mark's Cathedral, is similar to that proclaimed by the Doge in 1630, and which was solemnly offered to the Madonna of Nicopea in gratitude for a victory won by Venice.

A magnificent mural painting which Henry Thouron finished just before his death in Rome last winter has reached America and has been put in its place in the Philadelphia Cathedral. It is a companion to the one which Thouron painted and gave to the Cathedral some years ago, and which has been pronounced by experts to be the finest mural painting in the United States. Mr. Thouron, a member of the Cathedral parish, was an artist whose work earned the greatest praise in this country and abroad.

A voting contest conducted by the Brooklyn Eagle to determine who is the most popular motion picture star in America served to bring to light the fact that the public is turning more and more to the clean and wholesome class of pictures in preference to those of questionable decency. Mary Pickford, who is, by the way, a Catholic, was the winner of the contest, and Charles Chaplin received but a small vote—a result which, the Eagle remarks, is generally conceded to be due to the fact that Chaplin relies on rather questionable means of provoking laughter.

Florida has the distinction of being the cradleland of Catholicity on the North American continent. The missionaries sent out by Spain kept pace in their peaceful victories of the Gospel with the extraordinary conquests effected by Spanish arms in the subjugation of the vast territories of the New World to the crown of Castile and Leon. The landing of Ponce de Leon on the shores of Florida on Low Sunday, April 3, 1513, is the first historically authenticated presence of Europeans in the territory now comprising the United States. Probably no religious accompanied him on this expedition.

It is with deep and sincere regret says The Catholic Bulletin that we chronicle the death of The O'Connor Don, which took place in a private nursing hostel in Lower Leeson street, Dublin, recently. Denis Charles Joseph O'Connor was the eldest son of the late Right Hon. Charles Owen O'Connor, the previous O'Connor Don, to whose ancient Celtic tribal title he succeeded. The late O'Connor Don possessed many of the statesmanlike characteristics of his more distinguished father, but ill-health prevented his taking the active part in national political and public concerns which otherwise he might have done. He was born at Clonalis, Roscommon, Ireland, on October 26, 1869.

AMBITION'S CONTEST

BY CHRISTINE FABER
CHAPTER III—CONTINUED

THE FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE STRANGE VISITOR

"Mamma, why these solemn commands? Surely my love for him would make me do all these things without the asking; but since you wish it, I promise to make any sacrifice, no matter how great, which may help him to become the good man you desire to see him."

"God bless you, my darling—my comforter!" The mother's hand rested in benediction on the fair, drooped head, and the mother's kiss sealed the sweet lips which would have promised further.

In the servants' hall that same evening a kind of partying carnival had been held, to honor the departure of O'Connor; and grim Anne Flanagan, Mrs. Courtney's maid, who was to accompany Miss Ellen, participated in the festivities.

O'Connor for thirty years had been a domestic in the Courtney family. Eighteen years before he had headed the phalanx of servants who were drawn up in the hall, to pay due deference to Allan Courtney, young bride, the present Mrs. Courtney, and from that time he seemed to exercise potent authority among his fellow help. The latter were wont to treat him with a respect second only to that which they paid the mistress of the mansion; his opinions were oracularly received, and his words quoted as information given by most reliable authority.

To-night he occupied a chair at the head of the abundantly supplied board, and Anne Flanagan, as another of the highly honored travellers, sat at his right hand. Her tall, angular figure seemed to have its peculiarities thrust more into public notice by the primness of the attire she wore. A black satin dress, unrelieved by ruffle or button, which was evidently in the decline of its days, fitted tightly to her form; her scanty black hair was arranged in some severely simple mode of her own, and like her dress was guiltless of ornament. Her saffron-hued complexion, prominent cheek bones, and great, prominent eyes made her face a very peculiar, and at times almost a repulsive one. She had accompanied Mrs. Courtney, on the event of the latter's bridal, to the present mansion, and the same dignity and primness of appearance with which she conducted herself now, characterized her movements then. As Mrs. Courtney's favored maid, she occupied an important position in the servants' household, the latter yielding to her almost the same deference with which they regarded O'Connor, but Miss Flanagan was severely reticent and cold in her manner.

O'Connor, because of his approaching departure, was particularly complacent and communicative—several times during the evening turning deferentially to Miss Flanagan for corroboration of some opinion, and the angular figure had bowed, and the prim mouth had relaxed faintly, but further the lady had not condescended.

"Well, as I was saying," said the old man, holding the tumbler up, that the light might shine on the ruby color of its contents, "I have been a long time in this house, and I am proud to say that I had the confidence of its lady mistress, and now I am trusted by its honored mistress. I have said that I did not like the looks of things for the last few years, and I stick to that opinion still. Being, as I am proud to state, almost one of the family, I may make bold to speak my mind."

"Better not," said Miss Flanagan, at his elbow, in a stern sharp voice, which seemed to have the effect of startling all her hearers save O'Connor, who had been fortified by previous imbibing from the glass he held. He turned and looked at her with a slight glance of contempt, remarking:

"I have been thirty years in this house. I was a young man of twenty-five when old Mr. Alban Courtney, the father-in-law of the present Mrs. Courtney, hired me as butler. It was a different house then; there were gay parties of young folks often held, for the lady of the mansion was young as the mistress is now, and like the present mistress, was devoted to her children—two boys, as likely lads as ever stepped—and the happy times lasted till the boys became young men and went to college. Then the cholera carried off the old gentleman, and the mistress dropped dead of heart disease a week after. Oh! dear, but it was the sorrowful house then, with the two young gentlemen grieving like girls, and everybody so sad-looking. After the funeral, we servants expected to be discharged, and were beginning our preparations to leave, when Mr. Alban Courtney, the eldest son, desired us all to stay, just as we were, saying we had been his father's servants, and we should remain his; and that he and his brother were going to travel, and would be away some years. They were away five years, and when they came back, Mr. Alban brought his bride with him. After that a strange—" he was interrupted by Miss Flanagan suddenly rising and saying angrily:

"You are a dotting old fool! I had better let matters alone that don't concern you."

Had a bomb-shell exploded among the company, they could scarcely have evinced greater consternation. O'Connor's face assumed an expression of ludicrous bewilderment, and

for a moment he seemed powerless to speak; then endeavoring to reassure his wonted dignity, he rose a little unsteadily, pressing down his peculiarly combed forelocks, as he tremulously replied:

"This to me! A fool! I who have been in the family for thirty years, while she has been here only eighteen."

"Long enough to teach me how to hold my tongue!"—and Miss Flanagan, with a prim courtesy walked stiffly from the room.

The old head servant looked after her, shook his head dolefully, and sank into his chair with a very woe-begone expression of countenance. His fellow help sought to make him resume his wonted spirits, but in vain; the convulsions of the ensuing hours were lost upon him, and when he retired he was heard to mutter as he ascended to his room:

"O'Connor is only an old fool after all."

The next morning dawned with a heaviness in the atmosphere, which broke at length into heavy, pouring rain, and the chill unpleasantness of the day served to increase the gloom which oppressed the spirit of the Courtneys. A few privileged friends accompanied them to the steamer, and in their presence Mrs. Courtney refrained from betraying aught of the grief which was pressing about her heart like a vice. But at length the ominous preparations for the removal of the gangway began, and the hands of O'Connor and Anne Flanagan, to hastily kiss Ellen, who had thrown herself sobbing on a cushion in the cabin, and to press Howard passionately to her bosom, when the utmost limit of her stay was reached, and she was obliged to hurry down the already loosened gangway. She retained her calmness, looking quietly from the pier where she stood, on the preparations, which, to her, seemed to proceed with undue haste, only glancing sometimes, as the creaking of the timbers and the straining of the cordage sounded above the din of bustle on the wharf.

Howard had left the cabin, and now stood on the deck amid a group of men who waited to wave a farewell. His eyes sought that one figure, which stood in the half-drooping attitude on the very verge of the dock, and the steady gaze of mother and son into each other's face continued, till a sob from a poor woman standing near, whose daughter was on board, caused Mrs. Courtney to withdraw her eyes. When she looked up, the ship was moving majestically out; the hats of the group on deck were doffed—Howard's also, but his head was bowed, and he did not look up until the vessel had glided far past the dock. But his mother looked with burning eyes which would fain have viewed the whole of that long ocean track, while upon her heart was being imprinted that parting scene, with one figure standing out in startling distinctness—the boyish form with its bowed head.

The vessel disappeared from sight at last, and she was about to turn to the carriage in waiting, when a familiar voice whispered in her ear:

"You have borne the parting bravely."

She turned, to behold the monastic cloak and low-crowned sombrero of Brother Fabian disappearing amid the crowd.

Sympathizing friends would fain have accompanied Mrs. Courtney home, that they might at least cheer her loneliness for a time, but she gracefully waived their proffers, and returned alone to the great house, whose rooms seemed as desolate as though death had taken one of its inmates. In Howard's apartment, with her head leaning on the bed which she found had so lately pressed, she gave full vent to the anguish so long restrained. While she sobbed, with her hair hanging in disordered tresses upon the pillow, and her cheeks flushed and tear-stained, a domestic came to the door. Receiving no response to his knock, the man turned the knob. Mrs. Courtney started at the sound, and, evidently unconscious of her disordered appearance, at once admitted him.

The strange gentleman, ma'am, is waiting," he said, handing her a white, embossed card, on which was written, in a peculiarly masculine style of penmanship, one word—"Morte."

Forgetful of the curious servant-eyes, which were eagerly noting the singularity of her appearance, she pressed the card to her lips in an eager, passionate way, that at once betrayed the existence of a mystery, which would form but too fruitful a theme of gossip for the servants' hall. Waiting not to arrange her dishevelled locks, nor remove the tear stains from her flushed face, she descended at once to the parlor, followed by the domestic, who, as he passed, glanced sharply through the open doorway, muttering to himself:

"It's always the same one that comes."

He repeated to his fellow servants, when he went below, all that he had seen, upon which the cook, with a very knowing shake of the head, replied:

"It was three what the good man, O'Connor said, about the quare people comin' to the house. May God defend the mistress, for she's a lady born and bred."

The mistress, little aware of the gossip of which she was the subject, was receiving in the parlor a man, whose appearance strongly evinced his foreign nationality. He had the dark face, almond-shaped black eyes, and straight black hair of the Orient-

als, and his grave, courtly demeanor was such as is usually ascribed to the eastern nabob. He bowed low, pressed his hand on his heart, and waited, in respectful silence, Mrs. Courtney's commission.

"Tell," she said tremulously, "that today has seen, in part, the completion of the sacrifice to which I pledged myself—that my children have sailed for foreign shores, and I have not accompanied them—that I have not seen me distracted with grief, torn with apprehension for the unprotected future of my darlings, and broken-hearted because of the sorrow which has clouded my life. Tell faithfully and truly; omit not a circumstance, even of the outward surroundings; the rain, which made desolate the gloom of the dreary pier upon which I stood. Tell him, must dwell for the coming twelve months or more—the fear of Howard dying in those distant climes. Tell all, and ask if farther proof is required of my endeavor to fulfill the attestations of that solemn pledge."

The stranger answered not. He simply looked, with his expressive eyes, an intelligent assent to her desire, pressed his finger on his lips, to show that the silence which he had maintained on his previous visits might not be broken now, bowed again, in his former deferential manner, drew the cloak, which was fashioned in a foreign mode, closer about his shoulders, and signified his readiness to depart. She accompanied him to the door, waiting on the covered stoop while he descended the steps, and hurried, with his peculiar gliding gait, to the lighted thoroughfare beyond.

It was night when the staunch ship floated into the Liverpool dock, and the darkness increased the confusion of the hurry and bustle of landing; but the lady, who had been waiting with interest for the brother and sister, though the latter's little timid heart throbbed anxiously as she clung to Howard's arm.

Miss Flanagan had wrought herself into a state of excitement about securing the baggage, and her voice more than once sounded in shrill altercation with some official on board. In her breathless anxiety she thoughtlessly clutched O'Connor's arm, appealing to him for some intervention on his part; but the old man replied in his cool, sarcastic manner:

"I wonder at you, ma'am, to ax me anything. You must be forgettin' that I'm a fool!"

The irate lady was speechless with rage for a moment. When she recovered her voice, it was to scream into his ear in tones hoarse with passion:

"So you are; only more of a fool now than you ever were!"

"Well, I hope you'll not be forgettin' it again, ma'am!" and turned away with imperturbable coolness, quietly superintending all arrangements about the baggage, and making his Irish wit and forethought supply his lack of knowledge of the manner in which such business should be transacted. And that same Irish coolness and sagacity secured the desired ends of the party as well and quickly as a keen knowledge of such affairs accomplished like results for the other passengers.

Even much-offended Miss Flanagan found herself at length comfortably lodged in a sumptuous hotel, with the tickets requisite for the delivery of her baggage in her careful possession.

The "Grosvenor House," to which the children's English letter of introduction was addressed, was situated in the aristocratic West End, London, and bore upon its imposing front unmistakable evidence of the wealth and grandeur of its inmates. There was an air of the English baronetcy about the coat-of-arms which surmounted the elaborately adorned portico; a reminder of the English party in the very domestic who conveyed the Courtney name to the fair mistress of "Grosvenor House," while about the darkened reception-room, into which the brother and sister were ushered, was an oppressive air that might have been derived from the massive grandeur of the furniture. Into this state apartment, with its courtly appointments, glided, in a few minutes, Lady Grosvenor, the lovely mistress of "Grosvenor House." Her beauty was of that indescribable type which seems to derive little from the adornment of dress, and though thirty-five years had left slight traces of her care on her brow, she still retained the lightness and delicate grace of early youth. Her white, jewelled fingers hurriedly unfolded the introductory missive, and her kindly eyes glanced over the brief contents, which touchingly referred to the friendship of by-gone days.

"Oh," she said, on concluding the gracefully-written epistle, "the dearest one of my girlhood's friends transmits to me the care of her treasures," and placing an arm about Howard's neck, she drew him to her with almost as loving a pressure as her mother might have given.

"You are her counterpart," she said to Ellen, kissing again and again, the latter's white brow. "Long ago we were dear and intimate friends; your mother, who was Mary Ashland then, and I—yes, twenty years ago," transferring the arm, which rested about Howard's shoulders, to the closer support of Ellen's slight form, "your mother was but little older, and little taller grown than you. We have not met since her marriage, but we have been faithful in writing to each other, and now at last an opportunity has arrived for the redemption on my part of early friendship pledges."

Her tender, kindly words were but the heralds of kindlier, more loving deeds, and Howard and Ellen Courtney soon found themselves as much the petted inmates of the English domicile as they had been the cherished darlings of their own American home. There were two other members of the Grosvenor family—the stern, haughty Lord Stanwix Grosvenor, whose demeanor never relaxed its stiffness save when in the presence of his wife, and the only son and heir to the Grosvenor title and estate, Malverton Grosvenor. The latter was a lad about Howard's

age, with his mother's face, save that the delicacy of feature was strengthened by a manly contour, and with much of his father's courtly reserve. One would almost have inferred from the grave demeanor which usually characterized his actions, that manhood's modicum of sense and thought had already enriched his youthful mind. On his introduction to the young strangers, he had bowed with his father's courtly grace, smiled his mother's rare, peculiarly beautiful smile, clasped their readily extended hands with an affectionate grasp, and allowed his fine eyes to rest an unwonted time on the lovely, blushing face of Ellen Courtney.

It was not a difficult thing to win at once from each member of the family the affectionate friendship which was eagerly bestowed, and the great state rooms were opened with brilliant eclat for the reception of those who might contribute to the pleasure of the youthful guests. The brother and sister enjoyed the novelty of English modes and pastimes, and were charmed with the interesting and varied sights which they were shown each day, though Howard's appreciative mind delighted more in the scenes to which history has given a vivid and touching interest. Ellen was happy, because her watchful eyes detected in her brother signs of rapidly returning health and strength; the spiritual look was vanishing from his countenance; he no longer grew tired so soon when he walked, and was already strong enough to spend part of the afternoon in the fine park attached to the mansion, engaged in some athletic game with Malverton. She wrote home glowing accounts of these joyful tokens—accounts that sent Mrs. Courtney to her knees, when she offered such thanksgivings to God as made her tremulous with their fervor.

That loving little heart in the courtly English home was not to be drawn from its promised allegiance by all the splendor which Lady Grosvenor gathered about her. English society spoke of the beauty of the youthful American heiress as something which promised to be exquisite, of her mastery touch on the piano as extraordinary in one so young, of her pure, fresh voice as something which even connoisseurs pronounced marvellous, and the flattering comments reached Ellen Courtney's ears, but her very being was so engrossed with that of her brother that she regarded the complimentary speeches as things which were spoken of another than herself, and her naive modesty lent a new and additional charm to her winning demeanor.

Lord and Lady Grosvenor were strict and high church Protestants, but each Sabbath the costly family equipage conveyed the children of their friend to the Roman Catholic place of worship.

TO BE CONTINUED

MOTHER'S HOLIDAY

SHOWING HOW SELDOM CHILDREN REALIZE THAT THEY ARE ABLE TO MAKE SATURDAY A HOLIDAY FOR MOTHER

Geraldine Ames in Extension Magazine

It was really a very lucky thing that Father broke his leg. We did not think so at the time, for we knew it meant extra steps for Mother, and we were so anxious about Mother. But when Father had improved so that he could hobble out of bed and sit in the big green leather-bottomed chair, with his leg propped up on a pillow, we made the discovery that it was a fortunate accident.

I was down stairs early last Saturday morning—and my sister Millie came down soon after. Of course, Mother had been downstairs for ages. She was baking the bread and setting the table when we got there. Millie works in the box-factory in the village and she was primped up something unusual for Saturday.

"Mother, dear, put me up a nice lunch with some hard-boiled eggs, will you? We girls are going from the shop right down to the lake grove for a picnic and some dancing in the pavilion for our half holiday."

"Yes, dear," said Mother, and she got out extra eggs and set them to boiling and began cutting thin slices of bread and slicing some cold meat for sandwiches. Then she made a little quick frosting to put on the sponge cake to make it look good. Being Saturday, of course, I didn't have to go to school, and I was planning to take my wheel and go into the country for some botany specimens, so I naturally asked Mother to make up two lunches while she was about it.

When Bobbie came downstairs he sounded like a whole class letting out for recess. He was dragging his baseball bat thump-e-ty-thump on the stairs and shouting at the top of his voice. Mother rushed to the kitchen doorway and opened the door.

"What is it, Bobbie?" she asked, looking worried and flushed with her baking. She was trying to get breakfast ready for Millie to go to work. "Is breakfast ready? Ma, is breakfast ready?" Bobbie was calling.

"Just a minute, dear," Mother replied, and I noticed that Father had hitched his chair over rather close to the sitting-room door. "The Comets is going to play a double-header with the Bridge team," Bobbie informed us. "I'm catcher for the Comets and I've got to hurry to practice. It's going to be a great game. Say, Ma, where's my mitt? I left it right there," and he gave a broad sweep with his hand.

"Where, dear?" asked Mother, pausing, as she tested a loaf of bread with a broom straw.

"Oh, right round here somewhere," said Bobbie. "Say, I can't never keep anything. Where is it, Ma?"

Mother looked behind the kitchen table and in the wood-box and finally found it in the shed where Bobbie had tossed it the night before, then Bobbie sat down at the table and kicked the chair impatiently. Millie also sat down and looked impatiently at the clock, while Mother hurried as best she could, and served the oatmeal.

"Say, Jerry"—Millie always calls me Jerry—"say be a good kid and let me take your school lunch-box, will you? Mine doesn't look fit to take out to a picnic, anyway, I've lost it."

"I should say not," I exclaimed, indignantly. "I'm going to take my lunch, too, to-day, you heard me ask Mother to get up my lunch, didn't you?"

"But, Jerry, this is a picnic and you don't want me to go with a dinner-pail, do you?"

"I'll hunt up something for you," Mother said to me. She found a little pasteboard box, but she had to go to the attic to get it.

"Aren't you ashamed, Jerry, to let Mother climb those two flights of stairs?"

"I didn't think," I protested. "You never do."

"Nor you either."

"Shs, quarrelling children!" Mother expostulated, as she came into the kitchen. "There, you can throw it away after lunch and not have so much to bother with."

"And Mother," broke in Millie, "would you have time to do up my white waist this afternoon, I want it to wear to church tomorrow?"

"I'll try, dear," was mother's reply. "And say, Ma, I haven't got a clean blouse, have I, for Sunday?" piped up Bobbie.

"Of course you have, Bobbie," said Mother.

"I meant the one with brown stripes, I want to wear my brown suit tomorrow because I'm going to Eddie Well's after church for dinner."

"I'll wash it out and iron it for you this afternoon," Mother promised, as she cleared away the oatmeal dishes and put on the eggs, bacon, and biscuits and poured the coffee.

"I can't go to church tomorrow," I said.

"Mercy, why not, child?" asked Mother.

"Because I haven't a decent hat. You said you would put that blue ribbon in my hat and line it."

"I—I'm afraid I've been a little busy," said Mother, flushing, "but you shall have it, Jerry, in time for church."

"Heavens, look at the clock," shouted Millie. "Please hurry, Mother, with my lunch, and where's my pocketbook?" Mother went in the sitting-room and found Millie's pocketbook on the mantel, but the lunch in my school lunch-box, and sighed. Millie grabbed it and with a "go-by" dashed out of the house. Bobbie got up and looked at the books behind the kitchen door.

"Where's my cap? My baseball cap with the red and gray stripes on it?" Say, Ma, where is it?"

"I don't know, child," said Mother, but arose from the table—she hadn't taken a bite yet—and went into the sitting-room, then out in the shed, back into the pantry, and finally found it behind the sewing-machine, on the floor.

"All right, I'm down in Smith's field all day, be back for dinner, though. Don't forget my brown striped blouse, and Bobbie in his baseball cap, dragging his hat, and flourishing his mitt, ran out of the house, slamming the door as he went. Then Nellie came down. She's the baby, only six, and Mother started to comb her hair, but stopped to hunt up the oil-can for me as I wanted to oil my wheel. Then she found some stouter string and tied up my lunch. She promised to iron my blue hair ribbons to match my hat. When I left she was lifting Nellie up to the table. Mother was very careless about eating, for she hadn't stopped to eat a thing. But I got out my wheel from the front hall, and went away for the day. That was last Saturday week.

Yesterday was Saturday, too. I was awakened by Father shaking me. By this time he could get about very well on his crutches. "Hush," he said, "dress and come downstairs right off and be quiet about it." He commanded Millie to likewise. I tell you we were scared. We got down into the kitchen and Bobbie was there, yawning and rubbing his eyes and complaining. I commenced to cry because the first thing I thought was that Mother had died in the night. There was no fire in the stove and the table wasn't set. I never before in my life came downstairs in the morning and found no fire nor the table set.

"Where—where's Mother?" asked Millie, and she was very white. I guess she was scared, too.

"Mother's asleep," said Father firmly, sitting down in the kitchen rocker. We stared at him, then at each other, then looked at the clock. It was only half past five.

"O, she'll be right down," said Millie. "She's always down by half-past five."

"No, she won't," said Father, sternly. "I made her promise not to get out of her bed until seven o'clock this morning."

"Goodness, I've got to be in the box-shop at half-past eight," said Millie.

"I wanted to get started for Florie's by seven," I said, "we were

Phone Main 6249. After Hours: Hillcrest 2313

Society of St. Vincent de Paul

Bureau of Information

Special Attention Given to Employment Cast off Clothes Always in Demand 25 Shuter St. TORONTO

Office Hours 9 to 4

AUTOMOBILES, LIVERY, GARAGE

R. HUESTON & SONS

Livery and Garage. Open Day and Night. 479 to 483 Richmond St. 880 Wellington St. Phone 422.

FINANCIAL

THE ONTARIO LOAN & DEBENTURE COY

Capital Paid Up, \$1,750,000. Reserve \$1,400,000

Deposits received, Debentures issued, Real Estate Loans made, John McCarty, Pres., A. M. Smart, Mgr. Offices: Dundas St., Corner Market Lane, London.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, Etc.

Hon. J. J. Foy, K.C., A.E.Knox, T. Louis Monahan & L. Middleton, John McCarty, Pres., A. M. Smart, Mgr. Office Address: "Foy" Telephone: Main 794

Offices: Continental Life Building CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS TORONTO

P. O. Box 3908 Phone 34116

H. L. O'ROURKE, B.A.

(Also of Ontario Bar)

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, NOTARY

Money to Loan

Suite 5, Board of Trade Building 221 Eighth Avenue West CALGARY, ALBERTA

JOHN T. LOFTUS

Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, Etc.

712 TEMPLE BUILDING TORONTO

Telephone Main 622

FRANK J. FOLEY, LL. B.

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR

The Kent Building

Corner Yonge and Richmond Streets TORONTO, ONT.

REILLY, LUNNEY & LANNAN

Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries

Money to Loan

Clifford B. Reilly, B.A., LL.B., Harry W. Lunney, B.A., B.C.L., Alphonso Lannan, LL.B.

Berna Block, Phone M-2429

CALGARY, ALBERTA. P. O. Drawer 1329

Special facilities for correspondence in French.

DENTISTS

DR. BRUCE E. EAD

Room 5, Dominion Bank Chambers

Cor. Richmond and Dundas Sts. Phone 5559

St. Jerome's College

KITCHENER, ONT.

Founded 1864

Excellent Business College Department. Excellent High School or Academic Department. Excellent College and Philosophical Department.

Address: REV. A. L. ZINGER, C.R., Ph.D., PRESIDENT

Hotel St. Charles

Atlantic City, N. J.

situated directly on the ocean front, with a superb view of beach and board walk, the St. Charles occupies an unique position among resort hotels. It has an enviable reputation for cuisine and unobtrusive service. Twelve stories of solid comfort; ocean porch and sun parlors; orchestra of soloists. Week-end dances. Booklet and rates upon request

NEWLIN HAINES CO.

Funeral Directors

John Ferguson & Sons

180 KING ST.

The Leading Undertakers & Embalmers

Open Night and Day

Telephone—House 373 Factory 548

E. C. Killingsworth

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Open Day and Night

583 Richmond St. Phone 3971

You Can't Cut Out

A BOG SEVIN, PUFFY or THOROUGHLY, but

ABSORBINE

TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

will clean them off permanently, and you work the horse same time. Does not blister or remove the hair. \$2.00 per bottle, delivered. Will tell you more if you write. Book 4 K free. ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Varicose Veins, Ruptured Muscles or Ligaments, Enlarged Glands, Gout, Wens, Cysts. Alays pain quickly. Price \$1.00 and \$2.00 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Manufactured only by W. F. YOUNG, P. O. Box 299, Lynnmas Bldg., Montreal, Can.

Absorbine and Absorbine, Jr. are made in Canada.

STAMMERING

or stuttering overcome positively. Our natural method permanently restores natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Free advice and literature.

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE

KITCHENER, CANADA

APRIL 28, 1917

going to—
"Saturday is your holiday, isn't it?"
Father asked, looking at us all in that queer way he has sometimes.

SOEUR JULIE

HER STORY AS TOLD BY HERSELF TO VISITOR FROM THE AMERICAN FUND FOR FRENCH WOUNDED

Fifty brave lads were told to guard the bridge la Mortagne leading to the city of Gerbeville. Fifty brave lads they were, who earned their name of "Fighting Blue Devils," as all the chasseurs a pied and chasseurs Alpins are now called.

The Germans were coming from Lunville, and these boys, so very young, were told to check the entrance of the enemy. They checked it, but could not halt it. On came the ruthless troops, men from Bavaria whose homes were so like these they were about to destroy that only wine and lust and fear of superior officers could have forced them to do the demon's work they did.

There had been hard fighting in the near neighborhood, and the wounded had been brought into Gerbeville. Sœur Julie told me all about it. In the night the convent was roused and Sœur Julie and four other sisters hastily arose and dressed.

"Not as ladies usually would," she explained, "by putting on a peignoir and slippers, but carefully and accurately as though we were going to Mass. We must not be seen without our coffee and collars, and it takes time, even though soldiers are pounding at the door, to pin them straight and to look neat. After this night we never took them off for many days, but sat all dressed and upright in our chairs, and dozed when we could. And the wounded came in numbers. We placed them on our cots, on the floor, and in the corridors. We fed them and dressed their wounds as best we could, but we had had no preparation. We tore our sheets and our underclothes to make them bandages, and then we evacuated them to another town, for we knew the enemy was coming upon us.

"But thirteen brave boys were seriously hurt, and could not be sent away, so I kept them and placed them all in one room and promised to save them if I could.

"From my doorway I watched the enemy burn the houses. They didn't burn them all, only every one in three or four. It was a better method of terrorizing, for no one knew whether his house was to be sacrificed or not, and if he stayed, more than likely he was burned with the house—like the baker down the street—or if he fled, his house was left standing, only its interior was pillaged and destroyed. Yes, the Boche has a remarkable way of torturing the mind as well as the body.

"When the city was in flames and the inhabitants fleeing, I stood in the doorway of my convent and prayed that Heaven's help would be sent me for the sake of my thirteen wounded. The other sisters I sent away with old and feeble people of the town. They were hiding in a cave and the sisters were caring for them. As I stood in my doorway I saw four German officers ride down the street. I shall always see them. They looked like four giants. The smoke of the burning town rolled back of them, the flames of the burning houses lighted their faces, and like powerful demons of evil they came on. I stood, turned to stone. My lips were murmuring a prayer and my fingers were fumbling my beads. They halted. The superior spoke. He spoke in German. I shook my head. 'Please speak in French,' I said. 'It is forty years since I spoke one of your long sentences.' Then in guttural French he asked to be shown the armed men I was harboring.

"'Before God,' I answered, 'I am harboring no armed men. I have thirteen poor fellows too wounded to move, but no one else.'

"'He drew his revolver. 'Come,' he said, 'show me the way—and dropping from his horse he pointed to me to lead the way, and followed by one of his men, they both forced me into the convent. I took them to the room where around three sides of the walls I had placed the cots. They were separated sufficiently for one to pass between. The Germans entered. So tall were they that they stooped their heads to pass the lintel of the door. The leader with eyes of fire looked about the room, then stepping to the head of the bed nearest him, where lay a young lad (with fright so written on his face that his wounds were painless), and with the gesture of a fiend, he drew his sharp-pointed poniard from his tunic and brought it down to the boy's throat. But I was there, too!

"Although I am slow and fat, I too, can make quick gestures, and my hands flew to the boy's throat as quickly as did the dagger, and when the point came down it grazed the back of my hand and not the throat of the little soldier. And, as he thought to stab the boy, he spoke with all the venom of an intoxicated brute.

"'You contemptible little fiend, you wretched scum of the earth, you have brought suffering and pain on my brave lads, you have killed them and wounded them, why should I spare you?' And his poignard point pricked my hand. 'Captain, spare him,' I said, 'I promise you, I hold sacred to save your German wounded. They shall be brought here, and be cared for, and well cared for.'

but a moment of silence passed and his poignard remained immovable. Then, with a gesture as though half-hypnotized, he replaced it in his tunic. But he threw back the bedclothes with fury and ran his hands down the sheets to find concealed weapons. Finding none, he passed to the other bed and did the same, and so on to all thirteen. And I passed with him—wherever he moved, there was I.

"After his inspection he gave word to his companion to go, and we three passed out of the door. Feeble cries of 'Ma Sœur, stay with us,' came from the terrified boys, but I motioned them to keep quiet and I would return. At the convent door I barred the two big officers' way. I am square and stocky, and I took up all the door.

"'Officer,' I said, 'is it your promise that my convent shall not be burned? I gave you my promise that your wounded shall be cared for.'

"'He tried to push by me, but I blocked the way. Your promise, captain,' I insisted. 'We stood there in the open door, smoke and fire around us.

"The German troopers were in the street; one I saw with a bottle of wine in each hand, and he forged out the cork and drank one bottle down without taking breath, and then lifted the other to his greedy mouth and drank that. And though I saw this soldier drink, my eyes never left the face of the German giant before me. Heaven had helped me thus far, would Heaven help me further? Could that force that stayed the poignard force him to clemency for the future?

"'Agreed,' he thundered; 'let me pass.'

"I stepped aside. They mounted their horses and rode down the street. Smoke and flame surrounded them; cries of martyred civilians accompanied them; shouts of drunken soldiers greeted them; and muzzling my prayers and fumbling my beads, I went back to my wounded boys.

"And afterwards, sister, weren't you decorated?"

"'Oh, yes; but that is of no consequence. I am a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.'—N. Y. Evening Post.

"CATHOLIC REVIVAL" FOR ENGLISH SCHOOLS

AMAZING ADMISSIONS OF ENGLISH PROTESTANT'S

Reference was made recently to the movement inaugurated by some of the London High Churchmen to "improve the religious instruction given in the Public Schools"—that is, of course, to make it more "Catholic."

"That veteran Ritualist, the Right Hon. George W. E. Russell, in pressing for a more "sacramental view of religion," touched humorously on the difficulty of boys getting to "Confession" in the school if they wanted to. The Church Times reports the following reminiscence in his speech:

"As hearing upon the practical and important question of having a chaplain, apart from the head master, and not charged with the maintenance of discipline, Mr. Russell described how on one occasion the late Preliminary Villiers was requested by the head master of a great Public school to give an address to the boys after their confirmation in view of their communion. The Preliminary made it quite clear that if he was to give the address he would give the same teaching about Confession as he gave in his parish. No objection was raised; the address was duly given, and afterwards the Preliminary said to the head master: 'I hope what I said did not distress you.' 'Oh, no! it was an excellent address. We are all grateful for it; but the practical difficulty occurs to me. If a boy here wanted to make his confession, and came to me and confessed anything—wrong, I should have to flog him.' (Loud laughter.)

"With that extremely frank admission," said Mr. Russell in conclusion, "I do not think I need labour the point that if this great means of grace is to be popularized in our Public Schools the chaplain should be a different person from the head master."

Mr. Ian Malcolm, M. P., another leading High Church speaker, was also very satirical about the lack of "Catholicity" in English schools. "Eton was not so fortunate in preaching during his time as Harrow evidently had been in the chairman's time. He doubted if he or his contemporaries had any recollection of more than two sermons preached during the period. Every morning shortened Matins was provided—a most boreome experience—and on Sundays a sort of cathedral service with a sort of cathedral sermon. They had also an abomination called Sunday questions, which had to be answered, about nothing in particular. For example: the number of strings to David's harp and Christian names of the minor prophets, (Loud laughter.) On Monday morning the great feast of religious instruction was finished up by your trying to translate Greek Testament into what you thought was English. When I hear people complaining of the godlessness and paganism of England today, he added, and reflect how little of our religion either our schoolmasters or boys know, I am not surprised that they are so bad, I am surprised that they are so good. (Applause.) Preparation for confirmation was done by men who had

no training for the job, and knew as much about it as about cooking a dinner. All this carelessness about religion seemed to him to arise out of a widespread and deeply-rooted Protestant ignorance of the Catholic Faith. Religion became just a Sunday fetish instead of an everyday festival. By a custom dating back to the days when people knew and cared about the saints, saints' days and big Church festivals used to be observed at Eton by a whole holiday; quite recently he found that a festival was pitched forward or backward with a total disregard for the saint or the calendar to suit the convenience of the Officers' Training Corps. They had arrived at the point where the saint is superseded by the sergeant-major. (Laughter.)

To secure a "Catholic revival" in the Public Schools Mr. Malcolm advocated agitation; and we are told by the journal aforementioned that "Mass" was rehearsed with special attention for the object of the meeting."—H. G. G. in Catholic Herald.

CATHOLIC WORKERS IN PROTESTANT HOMES

At the time of the celebration of the centenary of the Church in New York, Cardinal Farley paid a marked tribute to Catholic workers in Protestant homes. By the silent force of their good example, and, when necessary, by outspoken witness to the faith that was in them they had been the cause of bringing many converts into the Church. The words of His Eminence were recalled by the death in Minneapolis, early in January, of Mrs. Helen Day Chute who owed her conversion, under God, in part to the influence of a Catholic maid in her home. Even as a child Mrs. Chute was devoted to prayer. She readily committed to memory prayers, and texts from the Scriptures. In her uncle's home, where she grew up in the Methodist belief, she found a copy of a Douay Bible, and in it a prayer to the Holy Ghost, for light, which she thereafter recited daily. After her marriage to Dr. Chute she went with him for a time to the Presbyterian church. But through the influence of books by Father Hecker and Father Kent Stone, and others that Julia lent her, she became a Catholic in 1869. For forty-eight years she lived the life of a model Catholic. The Catholic Bulletin, St. Paul, Minn., from whom we took these facts, says:

"She lived the life of an ideal Catholic mother and by the sheer persuasiveness of her virtuous example drew into the Church her children, who all received conditional baptism, save one who was baptized a Catholic. Her husband also died in the faith. Up to the time that she was baptized by Father Tissot she had met only one other priest, Reverend Louis Caillet. When she became a Catholic, she became one to the core. She was a Catholic in mind and will and heart and affections. All who knew her knew her to be a Catholic. She was a regular attendant at St. Lawrence's Church where she heard Mass for the last time New Year's Day. She died as she had lived, beautifully and peacefully, repeating to the last the ejaculations that to her were so real and full of consolation.

There are many household missionaries of the type of Julia Duff. We hear much of the books that bring about conversions, but all too little of the vital spiritual forces exerted by the staunch Catholics who work in Protestant homes. All honor to their sterling work. There are no more devoted workers for the Church in this country than these women whose names are not seen in the society columns, but are never missing from the contribution lists that rear churches and build schools. The alumnae of our Catholic schools and colleges will have to be generous indeed in their contributions of service and money to emulate the example set for them and for all Catholic women by these household missionaries. — Sacred Heart Review.

FACTS AND FAITH

Some "thinkers" left-overs from the mid-Victorian period, still hold that science and religion are mutually exclusive explanations of the universe. But science only records the laws of the universe, she does not explain them. In one sentence, all her discoveries amount to this: the workings of Nature can be reduced to law. Religion says that such discoveries merely sustain her theistic explanation of the universe, for cosmic law indicates a cosmic Law-maker.

Back in the nineties, science began to realize that she was no more than the hand-maid of religion. The great old Dana of Yale university concluded his famous text-book on geology with these words:

"In spite of all difficulties and uncertainties, geology is thus able to give in outline the history of the evolution of man himself and his dwelling place. . . . While it is the work of science to trace the method of this two-fold evolution, science as such knows nothing of efficient cause or of purpose; but it leaves full scope for faith that the Power, whose modes of working science may in part reveal, is intelligent and personal, and that the whole process of the evolution of man and his dwelling place has been guided by infinite Wisdom to the fulfilment of a purpose of infinite Love." —New World.

Avoid dangerous preparations containing caustics, acids, ammonia, etc., by using

Old Dutch

Chases Dirt

Rheumatism Disappeared!

Rheumatism is the scourge of many lives. Generally it is brought on by impurities in the blood, which means that the kidneys are not performing their proper function. In all such cases the remedy is

Gin Pills

FOR THE KIDNEYS

To pick one example—Mrs. Salisbury, of Camden East, was so crippled up in her feet and ankles with Rheumatism that she could not walk upstairs. She writes to us to credit Gin Pills with the fact that after six years she has had no return of Rheumatism.

Every sufferer from Rheumatism, swollen joints and ankles should profit by this example and try Gin Pills without delay. At all druggists—50c. a box, \$2.50 for 6 boxes, and your money back if you are not satisfied. A free sample will be mailed on request. Address

National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto U. S. Address—NADRU-CO. Inc. 202 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y. 59

Skin Torment?

YES, absolutely free, a large trial bottle of the wonderful skin discovery, D. D. D. Prescription. For a short time only we will send this generous test free. Don't delay, send today.

D. D. D. Prescription

is a liquid wash, a scientific compound of the powerful and costly element, chlorbutol. Skin specialists know the great value of this element heretofore used only as expertly mixed and handled by physicians. D. D. D. contains also the soothing oils of wintergreen and thymol. Eczema, psoriasis, bad leg, ringworm, all skin diseases, mild or violent yield to the potent effect of D. D. D. It kills and throws off the disease germs that are deeply buried in the skin. It heals quickly, completely.

FREE—Send To-day!!

Send to-day for the liberal trial bottle, free. It will give you instant relief from all itching distress, no matter how long you have suffered. Remember this offer is limited. Don't delay. Send to-day. Enclose ten cents to cover postage.

D. D. D. Laboratories, Dept. L. A. 142 Mutual St., Toronto

BRUCE'S Flowering BULBS

WE offer a complete assortment of Bulbs to give the greatest satisfaction in the garden.

Choice Mixed—10 for \$1.00; 25 for \$2.00; 50 for \$3.00; 100 for \$5.00.

Hybrid Seedlings Mixed—10 for 40c; 25 for 75c; 50 for \$1.00; 100 for \$1.50; 200 for \$2.50; 500 for \$5.00; 1000 for \$9.00.

Postage—10 for \$1.00; 25 for 20c, and 50c. per 100 extra.

DAHLIAS Splendid Named Varieties—20c. each; 5 for 50c.; \$2.00 per dozen. Mixed Varieties—10c. each; 3 for 30c.; \$1.00 per doz. Postage—5c. each extra.

Also a large assortment Begonias, Caladium, Gloxinias, Lilies, Tuberosas, etc. Handsome catkins of Balls, Plants, Seeds, Poultry Supplies, etc. FREE

JOHN A. BRUCE & CO. Limited HAMILTON Canada

PARKER SERVICE

Known Everywhere Available Everywhere

Just because there is not a "Parker" Agency near you is no reason why you should do without "Parker Service."

The excellence of our work is so well known that it need only be mentioned here.

But the convenience of our service by mail to distant customers is not. Articles of any sort can be sent us either by parcels post or express, and returned in the same manner. We pay the carriage charges one way. Every precaution is taken to ensure their safety in transit.

So many things can be "rescued" by cleaning or dyeing that the value of this service will be apparent to everyone.

When you think of cleaning or dyeing, think of PARKER'S. Send for a FREE copy of our useful and interesting book on cleaning and dyeing.

Be sure to address your parcel clearly to receiving dept.

PARKER'S DYE WORKS, LIMITED

791 YONGE ST. - TORONTO

PARIPAN

Made in Britain. Used in British Navy and Hospitals.

BEAUTY AND HYGIENE in the HOME!

Paint your Kitchen and Bathroom Walls and Woodwork with PARIPAN (Glossy).

Paint your Living Rooms and Bedrooms with PARIPAN (Flat).

WASHABLE—SANITARY—BEAUTIFUL—DURABLE

Write for Booklet and Dealer's name.

STURGEONS LIMITED

British Paint Specialists 91 Church St., TORONTO

Also Agents for "Solignum" Shingle Stain and Wood Preservative, Etc. 103

PARIPAN

Made in Britain. Used in British Navy and Hospitals.

BEAUTY AND HYGIENE in the HOME!

Paint your Kitchen and Bathroom Walls and Woodwork with PARIPAN (Glossy).

Paint your Living Rooms and Bedrooms with PARIPAN (Flat).

WASHABLE—SANITARY—BEAUTIFUL—DURABLE

Write for Booklet and Dealer's name.

STURGEONS LIMITED

British Paint Specialists 91 Church St., TORONTO

Also Agents for "Solignum" Shingle Stain and Wood Preservative, Etc. 103

DOUBLY FORTUNATE

The Ave Maria makes this comment: "Fortunate is the man whose conscience assures him that he has squandered none of his time since the last New Year dawned upon his life,—fortunate and rare."

Moderate pleasure relaxes the spirit, and moderates.—Seneca.

STANDARD LIBRARY

JUVENILES

35c. Each Postpaid
50 Copies, \$15.00
100 " 28.00

- As True as Gold. Mary E. Mannix.
- A Summer at Woodville. Anna T. Sadler.
- An Every-Day Girl. Mary C. Crowley.
- An Hour of Dreams. S. M. O'Malley.
- A Hostage of War. Mary G. Bonesteel.
- An Adventure With the Apache. Gabriel Ferry.
- A Book about Real Live American Boys. By L. W. Reilly.
- A Pilgrim From Ireland. Rev. M. Carnot. Translated by M. E. Mannix.
- Bob O'Link. Mary T. Waggaman.
- Bunt and Bill. Clara Mulholland.
- By Bransome River. Marion A. Taggart.
- Bistouri. A. Molandri.
- Blessed are the Merciful. A Tale of the Negro Uprising in Haiti. By Rev. Joseph Spillman, S. J. Translated by Mary Richards Gray.
- Blue Lady's Knight. The. By Mary F. Nixon.
- Cinquante Festival of Corpus Christi Day. A Tale of the Old Missions of South America. By Rev. Joseph Spillman, S. J. Translated from the German by Mary Richards Gray.
- Crosses and Crowns. By Rev. Joseph Spillman, S. J. Translated by Mary Richards Gray.
- Children of Mary. A Tale of the Caucasus. By Rev. Joseph Spillman, S. J.
- Cups Revisited. Mary E. Mannix.
- Daddy Dan. Mary T. Waggaman.
- Dinling's Success. Clara Mulholland.
- For the White Rose. Katharine Tynan Hinkson.
- Fred's Little Daughter. Sara Trainer Smith.
- In Quest of Adventure. Mary E. Mannix.
- In the Turkish Camp and other Stories. By Tom Kuenemmel. From the German, by Mary Richards Gray.
- Jack-O' Lantern. Mary T. Waggaman.
- Jack. Religion of the Society of the Holy Child. Leathery's Success. Clara Mulholland. It should be added to all our libraries for the young.
- Little Lady of the Hall. Nora Ryeman.
- Little Miss. Mary T. Waggaman.
- Love Your Enemies. A Tale of the Maori Insurrections in New Zealand. By Rev. Joseph Spillman, S. J.
- Marion. The Christian Youth of the Lebanon. By A. B.
- Mary Tracy's Fortune. Anna T. Sadler.
- Miranda. Mary Johnson.
- Nan Nobody. Mary T. Waggaman.
- Old Charms of the Seed-Box. Sara Trainer Smith.
- Pauline Archer. Anna T. Sadler.
- Pancho and Panchoita. Mary E. Mannix.
- Prince Arumagan, the Stendfast Indian Convert. By A. B. A beautiful little story, describing the obstacles which a Brahma Prince was forced to surmount in order to become a Christian.
- Recruit Tommy Collins. Mary G. Bonesteel.
- Seven Little Marshalls. Mary F. Nixon-Roulet.
- The Bell Foundry. Otto von Schilling.
- The Berkeley. Emma Howard Wright.
- The Blisssylvania Post Office. Marion A. Taggart.
- The Cabin Boys. A Story for the Young. By Rev. Joseph Spillman, S. J. Translated by Mary Richards Gray.
- The Children of Cups. Mary E. Mannix.
- The Dollar Hunt. From the French by E. G. Martin.
- The Great Captain. Katharine Tynan Hinkson.
- The Golden Lily. Katharine Tynan Hinkson.
- The Haldeman Children. Mary E. Mannix.
- The Little Apostle on Crutches. Henriette E. Delamaré.
- The Little Girl From Back East. Isabel J. Roberts.
- The Mad Knight. From the German of O. v. Schelling.
- The Madcap Set at St. Anne's. Marion J. Brunow.
- The Mysterious Doorway. Anna T. Sadler.
- The Peril of Dionysius. Mary E. Mannix.
- The Queen's Page. Katharine Tynan Hinkson.
- The Queen's Nephew. By Rev. Joseph Spillman, S. J. "This good little work, an historical narration from the life of a young mission, is another contribution to juvenile literature that deserves a welcome. We hope it will be read by many of our boys and girls."
- The Sea-Gull's Rock. J. Sandeau.
- The Shipwreck a Story for the Young. By Rev. Joseph Spillman, S. J. Translated from the German by Mary Richards Gray.
- The Trip to Nicaragua. A Tale of the Days of the Conquistadores. By Rev. Joseph Spillman, S. J. Translated by Mary Richards Gray.
- The Ups and Downs of Marjorie. Mary T. Waggaman.
- The Violin Maker. Adapted by Sara Trainer Smith.
- The Young Color Guard. Mary G. Bonesteel.
- Three Girls, and Especially One. Marion A. Taggart.
- Tom's Luck-Pot. Mary T. Waggaman.
- Tooralladdy. Julia C. Walsh.
- Two Little Girls. Lillian Mack.
- Two Indian Tales. Mamma and Watomilka. By Alex. Baumgartner. S. J. Tahko, the Young Indian Missionary. By A. B. Father Rene's Last Journey. By Anton Heunder, S. J. Translated by Miss Helena Long.
- What the Fight Was About and Other Stories. Wrecked and Saved. A story for boys by Mrs. Parsons.

40c. Each Postpaid
50 Copies, \$18.00
100 " 35.00

The Captain of the Club. Valentine Williams.

The Countess of Glosswood. Translated.

Drops of Honey. Rev. A. M. Grussi.

Father de Lisle. Cecilia M. Caddell.

The Feast of Flowers and Other Stories. Selected.

The Lamp of the Sanctuary and Other Stories. Cardinal Wiseman.

The Little Lace-Maker and Other Stories. Miss Taylor.

Lost Genovese. Cecilia M. Caddell.

The Little Follower of Jesus. Rev. A. M. Grussi.

The Miser's Daughter. Cecilia M. Caddell.

Nanette's Marriage. Almásy Mazzuchelli.

Never Forgotten. Cecilia M. Caddell.

One Hundred Tales for Children. Canon Christopher Von Schmid.

Oramka. An Indian Story. Translated.

Og's Dumb Pets. Tales of Birds and Animals. Selected.

The Orphan of Moscow. Mrs. James Sadler.

The Prairie Boy. Rev. John Talbot Smith.

The Pearl in Dark Waters. Cecilia M. Caddell.

The Queen's Confession. Raoul de Navery. Renard. Translated by Sister of Mercy.

The Tale of Venice. S. Christopher.

Seven of Us. Marion J. Brunow.

Sophie's Troubles. Countess de Segur.

Stories for Catholic Children. Rev. A. M. Grussi.

Tales of Adventure. Selected.

The Two Cottages. Lady Georgiana Fullerton.

- The Two Stowaways. Mary G. Bonesteel.
- Uriel. Sister M. Raphael.
- Virgins and Devils. A Tale of a Young Girl at Home and at School. Ella M. McMahon.

The Catholic Record

LONDON, CANADA

The Catholic Record

Price of Subscription—\$1.50 per annum. United States & Europe—\$2.00

Publisher and Proprietor, Thomas Coffey, LL. D. Editors: Rev. James T. Foley, B. A. Thomas Coffey, LL. D.

Associate Editors: Rev. F. J. O'Sullivan, H. F. Mackintosh.

Advertisements for teachers, situations wanted, etc., 50 cents each. Insertions—Remittance to accompany the order.

Approved and recommended by Archbishops Palumbo and Sheath, late Apostolic Delegates to Canada, the Archbishops of Toronto, Kingston, Ottawa and St. Boniface, the Bishops of London, Hamilton, Peterborough, and Ogdensburg, N. Y., and the clergy throughout the Dominion.

The following agents are authorized to receive subscriptions and remittances for the CATHOLIC RECORD:

- General agents: M. J. Haggarty, Vincent S. Cox, and Miss Helen O'Connor, Resident agents: George B. Howerton, Minneapolis, Minn.; Mrs. W. E. Smith, Halifax; Miss Brice Saunders, Sydney; Miss L. Herlinger, Winnipeg; E. R. Costello, 2256-4th ave. West, Vancouver, B. C.; Miss Johnson, 211 Rochester st., Ottawa; Miss Rose McKenney, 149 D'Almeida street, Quebec; Mrs. George E. Smith, 238 St. Urbain street, Montreal; M. J. Mervin, Montreal, B. P. O. 1947; 1947 Montague St., Regina, Sask.; and E. J. Murphy, Box 125, Saskatoon.

Obituary and marriage notices cannot be inserted except in the condensed form. Each insertion 50 cents.

Subscribers changing residence will please give address as well as new one.

In St. John N. B., single copies may be purchased from Street, John J. Dwyer and The O'Neill Co., Pharmacy, 109 Brunsell street.

In Montreal single copies may be purchased from J. Miller, 241 St. Catherine street, west.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1917

NOT ALL COWARDS

"Protestantism has become anemic, according to the speaker. He claimed that the average minister's fears of being called a bigot made him one of the biggest cowards in the world. It was because of this that Protestantism was weak, he said, and quoted Emerson to the effect that 'God will not have his words made manifest by cowards.'"

Thus ex-Mayor Hocken, addressing a public meeting of Orangemen in London, is reported in the press as having given his candid opinion of Protestant ministers.

And further:

"No greater calamity could befall the country than the fall of the Orange Order as it was now the only organization keeping up the struggle."

All of which is quite natural and business-like with the publisher of the Orange Sentinel, the sole organ of orthodox Protestantism, and, incidentally the source of revenue for the Defender of the Faith.

But there was something if not unusual, at least interesting and arresting about Mr. Hocken's visit to London. His address to the Orangemen was on Sunday, a day on which if we are to believe Mr. Hocken, the Protestant ministers are more or less occupied in dodging the issues vital to Protestantism. On Monday Mr. Hocken addressed the Ministerial Association: apparently no reporters were present. Not a single word of reference to this meeting was found in either of the London papers. So we don't know whether the Protestant Pontiff roundly denounced the ministers as the biggest cowards in the world, adding the stern warning that God will not have his words made manifest by cowards; or, whether he suavely explained that he did not consider them "average ministers" or, whether, in fine; he simply assumed without unnecessary explanation that they knew as well as he the role he had to play before the profane vulgar at an Orange meeting. Or, again, he may have expressed at the public meeting his deliberate opinion of his ministerial colleagues thinking this the most effective means of whipping them into line and reducing them to a proper frame of mind to hear his private address to the Ministerial Association.

Neither do we know whether any members of the Association resented Mr. Hocken's Sunday opinion of them, nor if any openly gloried in the shame of preaching the positive truths of Christianity rather than attacking the Catholic Church.

If the editor of the Orange Sentinel is mistaken in his estimate of the average minister the meeting should have been an interesting one.

However, notwithstanding the fact that the London papers have maintained a profound silence with regard to Mr. Hocken's address to the Ministerial Association, we find that a Toronto paper gives us a glimpse of the proceedings. The Globe tells us that during the course of his lecture to the ministers on Bilingualism

"The editor of the Orange Sentinel spoke of the increase of the number of French Canadians, and claimed they desired to get control of Ontario. He said it was a religious question, the Roman Catholic Church being back of the movement. He made an exception of Bishop Fallon."

Whereupon the Rev. Byron Snell very pointedly and pertinently inquired "if he meant that Bishop Fallon was unfaithful to his Church."

To this very disconcerting question Mr. Hocken said that the movement

"did not originate with the Papacy, but with the Quebec hierarchy, and that while there appeared to be unity within the Catholic Church there was really much strife." An answer which should go down well enough with Mr. Hocken's usual audience, but which abandoned the charge that the Church was behind the movement, openly evaded Mr. Snell's question, and asserted that in reality the Catholic Church was divided against itself in the very matter in issue. The natural question would have been: Then what becomes of the whole burden of your song Mr. Hocken?

The Globe report continues:

"Mr Hocken also met with a difference of opinion from Rev. W. R. McIntosh, pastor of the King Street Presbyterian Church, who said that if the Roman Catholic Church wanted to put religion first it was to its credit. He did not consider it an argument against the French-Canadians that they were increasing in numbers. If love of luxury and ease were resulting in smaller Protestant families he thought that was not a fair ground on which to attack the Roman Catholics."

What answer the war-worn defender of the tottering cause of Protestantism gave to Mr. McIntosh we are not told. He might have frantically pointed out that Protestantism is in danger now in Ontario when Protestants outnumber Catholics five to one. And therefore, as good Protestants we must protest against those large French Catholic families. "Put religion first?" But we are the special advocates and champions and beneficiaries of civil and religious liberty! Are you going to extend civil and religious liberty to Papists? Then we may as well go out of business.

Whatever the editor of the Orange Sentinel said or prudently left unsaid, and whatever consolation he may have had in his secret session with the Ministerial Association of London, he must have gone away with the disturbing conviction that its members are not all cowards nor all fools.

LORD ABERDEEN AND THE IRISH

In New York the other day Lord Aberdeen, former Governor General of Canada and also former Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, made an interesting and instructive reference to Ireland's part in the Great War.

"172,772 Irishmen from Ireland are now fighting in the British Army and Navy."

Ireland has little more than half Canada's population, and only about one-fifth of Canada's number of young men of military age, say one-quarter the number of our native Canadians eligible for the front in the cause we profess to believe is that of honor, truth, justice and duty. Yet Ireland has more native-born Irishmen at the front than Canada has of native-born Canadians. But the stay at home strife-mongers in Canada have not the saving grace of shame.

"Of the first ninety Victoria Crosses awarded during the War, thirty went to Irishmen."

And while Irish valor was earning these highest military honors, while Irish blood was dying every battlefield in Europe, mention of Irish regiments was deliberately suppressed. But every decent Englishman of every class, condition and party, is now heartily sick and thoroughly ashamed of the stupid malignities which quenched the generous enthusiasm for the War that flamed out all over Ireland and darkened "the one bright spot" with lowering clouds of anger and resentment.

"If I believed that an Irish republic were the best thing for Ireland I would vote for it tomorrow," continued the erstwhile representative of the King in Ireland.

Of course. So would every Irishman worth his salt at home or abroad. And he would be simply exercising an inherent right for the assertion of which we are now waging the greatest war of all history. But Irish republicans are the product of English Prussianism. Irish republicanism was practically dead at the outbreak of the War. It was the "stupidities, ineptitudes and malignities" perpetrated in the name of England that fanned the dying embers into a fitful flame. These are facts which are now recognized not by a party or a majority but by the whole English population. And England, shamed and humiliated, is determined to square practice with profession and rehabilitate herself before the world's accusing conscience.

MR. HOCKEN AND THE HOLY SEE

The common herd of humanity has never even suspected the close relations that must exist between the Orange Sentinel and the Holy See. The ignorance of the man in the street concerning the secret procedure of diplomatic intrigue is one of the most robust grievances and most menacing dangers in an intelligent but unsuspecting democracy. Such a document as we print below, and of which, lest anyone should suspect its authenticity, we declare the original to be in our possession, goes far to prove how easily the multitude may be deceived, and how dangerous secret diplomacy makes the common practice of following the leader. Let this letter tell its own story:

Toronto, Ont., April 1st, 1917.

Pope Benedict, Rome:

Dear Holiness,—I have maintained myself and family in comfort for many years by the abuse of Popery and the exposure of the corruptions and superstitions of the iniquitous Church of Rome. I have been in the habit of realizing large sums from the advertisement and sale of publications containing elegant slanders on priests and nuns and representing the Pope of Rome as anti-Christ and the Beast of the Apocalypse. Under cover of religion I can get away with things which would otherwise be suppressed. But I want you to believe, dear Holiness, that I have not, and never have had, the slightest personal ill-will towards yourself or any other occupant, past or future, of the Chair of Peter. How could I? Nothing would serve me worse than the downfall of Popery. My source of employment and maintenance would disappear should Popery perish too soon. Holiness, I should be obliged to regard you as my bitterest enemy if you reformed a single Popish corruption, or did away with even one of the astounding abominations of the Church of Rome or lessened by a jot its menacing dangers. Rather would I have you give some evidence of their existence from time to time.

Now, dear Holiness, I am in a condition of great uneasiness and alarm. The market for my particular industry has fallen flat; there is no longer any brisk demand for ex-priests or escaped nuns; Home Rule is much less Rome Rule than formerly; the voracious and indiscriminating appetite of Toronto for Popish abominations has sadly decreased; the Ne Temere, for which I am indebted to your amiable and benevolent predecessor, is played out; and, worst of all, many thousands of the Constant Readers of the Orange Sentinel in the Back Townships of Ontario have escaped across the border into the United States to avoid military service in Canada. The result of all these deplorable facts is that the subscription lists of the Orange Sentinel have been woefully depleted. I am at my wit's end, and unless I get help from you, Very Dear Holiness, I see nothing before me but the workhouse. I am too old to begin to earn a livelihood at any decent occupation.

I implore you, dear Holiness, not to be indifferent to my appeal. I am now engaged in bolstering up the membership of a strictly secret organization established for the purpose of keeping alive the corruption of Popery and the menace of Rome in the interests of evangelical Protestantism, that is of the Orange Sentinel. I beg of you, dear Holiness, to help me. Could you not send out another Ne Temere? It does not matter what the subject is so long as you get the date right. I would gladly bear all the expense of the issuance thereof, or, if you prefer, you might cable it "collect." And I would willingly pay a liberal commission on increased circulation and put your name on my list of dead-head subscribers. You need not be afraid to help me out. Protestantism here is dying, and Protestant Ministers are the biggest cowards in the world. I claim to be the only genuine Protestant in Canada; but how can I play up to the role if I have nothing to protest against?

I enclose a substantial contribution to Peter's Pence.

Yours etc., Holiness, I. AM. HOCKEN.

Given at Toronto this First day of April, the Patronal Feast of my Followers.

Evidently Mr. Hocken's appeal reached the very centre of the great heart of Rome. And never in all its history has Rome replied to any appeal with more touching promptness. For, a few days ago, Mr. Hocken was able to announce to a mass-meeting of London Orangemen this startling fact:

"If there is not a written understanding between the Pope and the Kaiser, there is an understanding of some kind, and we are entitled to regard him as an ally of the Kaiser."

Does not the touch "Pope and Kaiser" display the perfection and the genius of Roman diplomacy? Of course the cable gave only the summary. Details will follow by mail.

Though we have drawn largely on an almost forgotten comedy of the last century, we may venture a bit into the region of prophecy.

Whatever else may happen in this year of increased production there is one crop that will not fail—the crop of fools.

THE ANGLO-SAXONS

What has become of the Anglo-Saxons? It is true that hyphenates are not in favor at present; but the unquestioned and unquestionable superiority of Anglo-Saxons over all other races, tribes, peoples and tongues has so long been accepted as a truism that to emphasize the exclusive and unique virtues of this small section of the very composite English people has long been regarded as the correct thing.

But this time of storm and stress tries men so as by fire.

Lloyd George, the Premier who guides the ship of state through unprecedented perils, is a Welshman.

Sir David Beatty, Commander of the Fleet, at a time when not alone the safety of England but the hopes of civilization depend upon it, is an Irishman.

Sir Douglas Haig, commanding Britain's great and growing armies in the crowning struggle of her long history, is a Scot.

General Maude, who has retrieved the reputation and restored the prestige of Britain in the East, is an Irishman.

Is it not about time that a certain type of writer and orator should relegate the Anglo-Saxon myth to where it belongs, and recognize that like all great peoples known to history, the English people are composed of many elements each making its important and essential contribution to the character, the achievements and the mission of the whole.

THE SHELTERED SYSTEM

"Madam," said Dr. Johnson to an anxious mother, "you are a fool. Turn your daughter's wits loose in your library. If she be well inclined she will choose only good food. If otherwise, all your precautions will amount to nothing." "Let the puppy," said Rudyard Kipling, "eat the soap in the bathroom or chew a newly-blacked boot, until bye and bye he finds out that blacking and Old Brown Windsor make him very sick; and so argues that soap and boots are not wholesome." The above quotations give expression to a philosophy of life that has many advocates in our day. In practice, if not in theory, there are many Catholic parents who subscribe to it, some through a careless disregard of their duty and others through an overweening confidence in the impeccability of their offspring. Leaving to the pulpit and the confessional the duty of admonishing such parents, we will deal with what may be called the sheltered system, adopted by the Church to guard her children against unnecessary temptations.

We are taught to believe that God grants us each day the actual graces or graces of assistance necessary to overcome the ordinary temptations of our daily life; and that, if in the exercise of our duty we are called upon to resist an extraordinary temptation, He will make issue that we may be able to overcome it. But if we needlessly expose ourself to the proximate occasions of sin, we are tempting God if we expect Him to prevent us from falling. In order to warn us the Church erects certain danger signals, such as are placed on our highways to call the attention of motorists to an unsound bridge, a railroad crossing, a steep hill, or a narrow winding road through a swamp where there would be danger of a collision. The motorist who would despise these warnings would be considered foolhardy, but a much stronger word would be needed to define the action of a Catholic who would play no heed to the warning of the Church that a certain book or newspaper, a certain play, a certain place of amusement or recreation, or a certain society was dangerous to faith or morals. "Safety first" has ever been the Church's motto; and in conformance with it she shelters her children by her disciplinary laws from unnecessary dangers. If ever there was a time when Catholics should keep close to their spiritual mother, the Church, and implicitly obey her warnings, it is in this pagan age in which we are living. The world may not be any more wicked than it has been, but certainly there is less outward show of reverence for truth and virtue, and a public and brazen disregard of the conventionalities that would have shocked even the worldlings of a decade ago. A man would need to have the virtue and grace of a St. Anthony to run the

gamut of the temptations that surround the youth of today. Must they all be met and overcome? Must a man not be considered virtuous unless he seeks out the cage of every chained demon, and worships him in conflict? By no means. Most of them can be avoided if we but pay heed to the safety signs of the Church. As to the rest, we have Christ's assurance—for Christ spoke to each of us in the person of St. Paul—that His grace is sufficient for us; for power is made perfect in infirmity.

The Church approves of the sheltered system, not only in the avoidance of evil but also in the performance of works of piety. The example of school companions, the naming of special confession and communion days, the inducement of gaining rich indulgences, all these are wisely intended by the Church as an impetus to devotion, as a means of schooling the child into having frequent and regular recourse to the waters of grace that flow from the Church's fountains. Of course there is danger of routine if sufficient scope is not left to the child's personal initiative. For obvious reasons we refrain from any reference to a danger the avoidance of which lies in the prudent judgment of the confessor. It is certain, however, that if the sheltered system of the schoolroom and the Church is to bear fruit sixty or a hundredfold, it must be supplemented by that of the home.

Educationalists tell us that the reason why the ungraded school often turns out better pupils than the graded one is that in the former the child has to depend more on its own personal efforts, since the teacher's attention is divided among the different classes. The analogy between the intellectual and the spiritual life holds good. It is not a wise thing to equip the hill of knowledge with a moving stairway that would convey the unperpiring youth to the summit. In like manner it is the will of the Church that, while every reasonable assistance should be given to the child to aid it in acquiring habits of piety, as much as possible should be left to the exercise of personal will power.

In a parish where there is no Catholic school we were witness of the effect of an exhortation to the children to go even daily to Communion during Lent. The result was far from ideal, as only three little ones, children of exemplary parents, complied with the request. They walked a mile to church in all kinds of weather, bringing their breakfast with them. They persevered in their self-appointed task of receiving Communion every morning that the Mass was offered up. As the discipline of the Church aims not at the survival of the fittest but at the salvation of all, it would be wrong to argue that only those who, unaided by the example of others, overcome all obstacles in the way of the practice of devotion, should be deemed worthy of receiving Communion frequently. Yet there is no gainsaying the fact that it is such as these who, as the men and women of the future, will not only be amenable to the good example of others, but will swell the all too small company of those who do right because it is right, who put their faith into practice in the face of indifference and criticism.

THE GLEANER.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THE ANONYMOUS editor of "The Outlook of the Church," a regular department in the Saturday issues of the Toronto Globe, (the "Church" in this instance being the usual indefinable and formless abstraction usual amongst Protestants) gave expression recently to some curious ideas as to Martin Luther and the outcome of his teachings. Dr. Sarolea, the Belgian lecturer on philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, has, it appears, been contrasting the teachings of Luther and Calvin, and their bearing upon the present War, much to the disadvantage of the former. Calvin, according to Dr. Sarolea, is the father of modern freedom, whereas Luther's teachings are directly responsible for the present War, and for all the emanations of tyranny and frightfulness which have earned for the German people the title, "Huns."

THIS HAS aroused the ire of the Globe scribe. The Globe has been as vigorous as any Canadian newspaper in its denunciation of German ruthlessness and barbarity, and, if we mistake not, has voiced the general opinion that these un-

amiable characteristics are the direct outcome of the school of philosophy which for more than a generation has prevailed in German universities. But to trace them back to Luther himself is a proceeding which the "Outlook of the Church" editor cannot abide. He rebuts the charge in very vigorous fashion. "It is a pity," he says, "that even anti-Germanism should make people forget the simplest element of fact and truth for it ought to be universally known that Luther's characteristic doctrine of Justification by Faith is the very heart of all liberty, be it religious or civil, and it is the forgetfulness of this, by the insistence on the distinct opposite of Luther's teaching, that has caused the present awful conflict. If only the Prussians had strictly followed their great leader's principle to its logical outcome they would never have been dominated by their tyrannical militarism. Justification by Faith breaks down every barrier between the soul and God, introduced into the immediate presence of our Maker, and enables it to stand "four-square to all the storms that blow."

WE MAY leave these vehement champions of the two "reformers" to fight it out between themselves as to the respective share of their two examples in the heritage of tyranny or of freedom which each either repudiates or claims for each. We do not envy either his task. Dr. Sarolea, for his part, if he is constrained to pursue the enquiry, will find it necessary to elucidate a good many things in the life of Calvin himself—the reign of Godly tyranny in the Geneva of the sixteenth century, for example, or the burning of the free-thinker, Servetus, for presuming to withstand the theology of the "Institutes." Or, transporting himself in thought to the Scotland of Knox and "The Kirk," he will have his hands full in attempting to prove that the grinding tyranny which the historian Buckle fixes upon as the special characteristic of Calvinism in Scotland from the sixteenth century to the dawning of the nineteenth was in reality but the apotheosis of liberty if only its hapless victims could have been so persuaded.

AS FOR THE doctrine of "Justification by Faith alone" being the "very heart of all liberty" as the Globe writer proclaims, the facts as they lie on the very face of history tell quite another tale. It is not necessary to enter upon a prolonged dissertation to prove this. The ones is upon those who in their excess of sectarian zeal or animosity, make so preposterous a claim. It is to be regretted that the writer in question did not illustrate his assertion by a few examples. He might, for instance, have pointed to the Anabaptists of Holland who, in Luther's own generation and inheritors of his doctrine, gave a new meaning to fanaticism and intolerance on the one hand and, as all the world is now agreed, to unbridled license on the other. Like a prairie fire they swept over the Low Countries leaving ruin and desolation in their train, much as the Hun of our day, but without the excuse of war, has done in Belgium, Serbia and Poland.

OR THE REVEREND editor (for such we take him to be) might have called up the ghosts of Cromwell and his Ironsides. He might have expatiated at length upon the period of cruel repression through which England had to pass under these zealous exponents of Luther's doctrine of Justification, or better still, he might have dwelt upon a chapter in Irish history which has forever stamped the name of Cromwell and of the Puritanism of which he was the most illustrious example with infamy. Even modern German frightfulness must hide its head in presence of the Protector's reign of terror in Ireland.

IF ONE wishes to see the working of Luther's doctrine of Justification in perfection, however, let him cross the seas and study the reign of Puritanism in New England in the seventeenth century. The descendants of Cromwell's Ironsides, feeling the repressive measures directed against them in turn after the Restoration somewhat irksome, sought new fields wherein to display their zeal for liberty and the untrammelled working of Luther's doctrines. They found such an asylum on the shores of Massachusetts Bay, and migrating there in considerable numbers proceeded to erect their ideal commonwealth.

THE LANDING of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock has long constituted one of the epics of American history. It has been glorified beyond measure by the New England school, but most Americans have now come to regard the arrival of the Mayflower as an event full of evil omen for the future Republic. That it ushered in the reign of as soulless tyranny and as grovelling superstition as ever disgraced humanity let the hounding to death of Catholics and the witch-burning craze; both of which prevailed down almost to the close of the eighteenth century (and in the case of the former has even raised its unhalloved head down to our own day), bear witness. Well might the best elements in the American people wish that these chapters in their history might be blotted out. But history is relentless and will not be set aside. One writer has epitomized this feeling in affirming that well would it have been for the nation had it happened that instead of the Pilgrims landing on Plymouth Rock, Plymouth Rock had landed on the Pilgrims.

THE ESSENTIAL spirit of the Lutheran doctrine of liberty is nowhere better illustrated than in the history of Maryland. To that colony, founded by Catholics, belongs the glory of having first decreed by statute and guaranteed by charter, freedom of conscience to all who bore the Christian name. The persecuted from all lands there found an asylum, and among those who took advantage of it were many of those same Puritans who having flourished in England under the Commonwealth had also tasted the bitter waters of repression after the Restoration. Under the equitable operation of just laws they prospered and multiplied in their new home. Others came, and in process of time these exponents of Luther's doctrine of Justification found themselves in the ascendant. What use they made of the power thus placed in their hands is matter of history. Having in their time of distress experienced the hospitality and beneficence of their Catholic rulers they used their new found power to harass and oppress adherents of that Faith. It became a felony for a priest to say Mass in Maryland, or for Catholics to harbor him. This went on until the harshness and oppressiveness of Puritan rule became a by-word and reproach throughout the Thirteen Colonies. Thus, once more, did Luther's doctrine of liberty take form and flourish on this side of the Atlantic.

SO FAR, then, from the doctrine of Justification by Faith alone being the "very heart of all liberty" as the Globe writer would have us believe, it has been the fruitful mother of cruelty and oppression, and Dr. Sarolea is so far right in attributing to Luther's teachings direct responsibility for the present devastating War. Lecky, the most philosophical of historians, it was who said that the execution of Charles I, and the reign of Puritanism under Cromwell, put back liberty in England a hundred years. Puritanism was Luther's doctrine in full form and flower and it will take more than the rhetorical assertions of sectarian philosophers to convince the world to the contrary.

The Catholic Church it is who is and ever has been the mother of true liberty and the proof of it is written large on every page of the world's history.

ON THE BATTLE LINE

Nivelle's invincible troops continue to make headway in the great battle that is proceeding between Soissons and the Champagne region. They are pushing northward on Laon, pressing the enemy back from the Craonne plateau, and extending their gains around Rheims and Morvilliers.

Berlin admits Hindenburg's retreat to the Siegfried positions. This new German line of defence runs east and west across the Craonne plateau, between Laon and the Chemin-des-Dames. The French have penetrated north of the Aisne to a maximum depth of four miles.

Six hundred thousand French troops have been used up in the big offensive, according to a Berlin official statement.

The Germans last night evacuated the dangerous angle north of the Aisne, according to a despatch from Philip Gibbs. Following the capture by the French of Fort de Conde, the position of the German defenders became desperate. In this sector the French are pressing on to Anizy-le-Chateau, on the main road to Laon. The Germans are counter-attacking with increasing violence, but in no case has Hindenburg's mass formations succeeded.

North of the Aisne, in Champagne and in the Argonne forest heavy fighting between the French and German armies is in progress.

It was a quiet day on the British front. The guns alone broke the calm that has succeeded the battle of Arras.

In southern Palestine the British on Tuesday last advanced north of the Wadi Ghuzze, about fifty miles southwest of Jerusalem, and captured Turkish positions along a front of six miles.

The food problem in Britain yesterday reached another stage in the State control of supplies, when, by an order in Council, the Food Controller was empowered to take over any factory or other premises where food is manufactured.

The strikes in Germany are still in progress, and appear to be a growing danger to the Government.

Desertions from the German ranks are increasing in volume, the cumulative effect of which must be of grave importance to Hindenburg. The spirit of desertion inspires the frequent surrenders by Germans on the battlefield.

T. P. O'CONNOR'S LETTER

ABSOLUTE CONFIDENCE IN ISSUE OF THE WAR

A GENERAL ELECTION AMONGST THE POSSIBILITIES

Special Cable to the CATHOLIC RECORD (Copyright 1917, Central News)

London, April 21.—The reassembling of Parliament, after the Easter vacation, foreshadows many possibilities that are not as yet quite visible on the surface.

There is only an infinitesimal group of members who are not whole heartedly and unyieldingly determined to prosecute the War to successful conclusion.

This feeling of confidence has been enormously heightened by the cooperation of the United States. We hear all sorts of statements from German sources and even from American sources that the United States cannot effectively participate in the War for at least another year.

We all hope, and Germany most of all, that the War will be over by that time. Without minimising the importance of the moral support America's action has given us, I am not so sure that our energetic young Ally is going to be content to wait a whole year before joining in the defeat of the enemy.

The long expected statement regarding the Irish situation has been postponed until next week, when serious difficulties may possibly arise.

Bishop McCort was officiating at the reception of novices at the motherhouse of the Sisters of St. Joseph, when he learned of the tragedy. After the ceremonies had been completed, he motored to Eddystone, arriving at 3 o'clock.

can look after itself, everyone feels that a more critical attitude will be justified and helpful, rather than otherwise.

The Irish members of Parliament feel that the Irish question is so intimately bound up with the aims consequent upon the ending of the War that they will, if necessary, oppose the government at every turn, even at the risk of a general election.

The ban the War office has placed upon copies of the Nation, circulating abroad, resulted in a fierce altercation in the House of Commons on Tuesday and the opinion of the members is probably best expressed by the fact that a large majority stood up in support of the request to move the motion on the adjournment of the House.

The Revolution in Russia with the possibilities as to how it may react on the "Wretched Race of Hohenzollerns" continues to overshadow our own domestic controversies. We all instinctively realize that this Revolution was all for the good in the War.

So long as they could get plenty of money to spend on their savage self indulgence, the reactionaries and the officials did not care whence the money came. There have been some hangings since the War began; hangings made necessary by the discovery of German spies in the highest and most important offices.

EDDYSTONE DISASTER

LAST RITES ADMINISTERED AMID CRIES OF AGONY IN RUINS OF EDDYSTONE PLANT

Buffalo Echo, April 19

Right Rev. John J. McCort, Auxiliary Bishop of Philadelphia, and a score of priests of the Archdiocese were among the first to appear at the scene of the Eddystone munition disaster last Tuesday, seeking to bring comfort and consolation to the wounded and dying victims of the terrible explosion.

Amid the appalling din caused by the heartrending cries of the burned women and girls and men and boys, confessions were heard and in some cases the Holy Viaticum administered. Many were baptized at their own request, it was reported by eyewitnesses, and one woman after receiving the sacrament expired in a few minutes.

It was an hour after the explosion before any one was allowed to enter the plant on account of the danger from bursting shrapnel and shells.

About noon the removal of the dead and dying was begun and Father Ryan was permitted to enter. Little could be done within the grounds, however, so the priests were dispatched to the hospitals.

Bishop McCort was officiating at the reception of novices at the motherhouse of the Sisters of St. Joseph, when he learned of the tragedy. After the ceremonies had been completed, he motored to Eddystone, arriving at 3 o'clock.

power to console the suffering of all. He remained until after 6 o'clock. To the authorities he offered the use of thirty beds in the St. Edmund Home for Crippled Children, Philadelphia.

Among the priests who gave valuable aid to the injured, many of whom were Catholics was Father Joseph A. Nelson, D. D., professor in St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, N. Y., who was in Philadelphia at N. Y., who was in Philadelphia at N. Y., who was in Philadelphia at N. Y.

A GENEROUS CATHOLIC GIFT

MR. AND MRS. MACKAY PRESENT COMPLETE HOSPITAL UNIT TO THE GOVERNMENT

The first important contribution to the United States government from a private source to be devoted to the furtherance of wartime efficiency, was learned when it was announced at Roosevelt Hospital, New York, that Clarence H. Mackay and his mother, Mrs. John W. Mackay, both Catholics, have just made a joint gift of a completely equipped hospital base unit of 500 beds or services either in this country or abroad.

The hospital, which will be known as the Mackay Unit, has already been accepted through the National Red Cross. Through the patriotic generosity of Mr. Mackay and his mother provision has been made for a staff of 22 surgeons, 75 nurses, 150 orderlies and others necessary to operate such a unit.—St. Paul Bulletin.

NOT POLITICS: SOULS

"The Catholic Church and her priesthood are constantly meddling in politics: their one end is to control the State." Of all the objections brought against us by our enemies, this, perhaps, is the most commonly heard. It is a difficult task even with the best of arguments to persuade them that the charge has no foundation in fact, or to convince them that the Catholic Church has but one end, the conversion and the sanctification of the individual soul and the extension of the Kingdom of Christ throughout the world.

The principles of any Church can be easily found in the authorized doctrines of its ministers, preached from the pulpit. And the utterances are the authoritative, natural and popular means of reaching the multitude. What the press is for the general public, the pulpit is for the congregation gathered within sound of the speaker's voice.

Therefore to learn the ideals and purpose of the Church, its enemies have but to spend a few moments in a Catholic Church on a Sunday morning, listening to those priests who are so unjustly accused of political ambition. If the aims of these men are such, they would surely at sometime or other betray themselves. Yet what is their message? Of questions of state, of war, of worldly policies, of attempts against the liberties of the country, of the strife of parties, of electoral canvassing, of defiance of the Constitution, of insult to the flag under whose protection and shadow they live, not a single word.

During my two weeks' stay in Sandiliding I was much edified with the catechist. He is a regular saint, a man of great piety and devotion, and a perfect gentleman. What courtesy and hospitality to every one I witnessed! Every word and action of his breathed love of his neighbor. His brother catechists and all who know him look on him as a saint. I would fain have spent a longer time in his lovely company but I must be off to other towns and villages who are yearning for forgiveness and the Bread of Life.

Yours most gratefully in the Sacred Heart. J. M. FRASER Taichowfu, China.

ARCHBISHOP HANNA

STANDS WITH UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

A whirlwind of cheers greeted Archbishop Edward J. Hanna at the meeting of the American League of California when President Ray Lyman Wilbur of Stanford asked the members to stand "in recognition of the bold stand taken by Archbishop Hanna in this crisis."

At the approach of Lent, the Holy Father always receives in audience the little army of priests who are to preach to the Faithful in the various churches in Rome. This year, as usual, he addressed them in a few eloquent words in which he reminded them of their sacred duties and responsibilities.

practice of those virtues which they preached. That was the Pope's command to the priests before him. His authoritative words and the constant practice of her preachers the world over prove that the Catholic Church does not wish to control politics but merely desires to save souls.—America.

LETTER FROM FATHER FRASER

Sandiliding, Feb. 11, 1917.

Dear Friends,—I wish to relate to you the consolation I felt this morning in saying Mass for the first time in the new church of the Sacred Heart in this town. You remember last year my stating I had begun a church here and how on account of a wind storm that blew down a house not far away I deemed it more prudent to double the thickness of the walls.

In his invocation, Archbishop Hanna termed the present war "the greatest battle for liberty that the earth has ever known." He said: "O God of our fathers, God of my strength and power, look down upon us gathered here in Thy name in the most momentous crisis that the world has ever seen, in the greatest battle for liberty that the earth has ever known."

"Teach us to turn aside from comfort, from gain, and from treasure and give our lives, if necessary, that liberty, yes, freedom, may ring, and that a government by the people may not perish from off the earth, and grant that through our efforts peace may finally come—peace with honor—and that in the end peace may live to work unto Thy great glory. Amen."—The Monitor.

CATHOLICS HEAD ARMY AND NAVY

Major General Thomas H. Barry, who commands the Central Department of the United States Army, with headquarters at Chicago, was born in New York in 1856, of Irish parents, and has had a brilliant army career. He is directly in line for promotion to the chief command this year. He is a member of the Catholic Club of New York and also of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. He was the guest of honor at the Irish Fellow Club at Chicago on St. Patrick's day, at their great banquet.

Admiral Benson, a convert, is successor to the late Admiral Dewey and Chief of Operations in the Navy Department.—The Monitor.

THE ROSARY

ITS MEANING, HISTORY AND USES—WHY CATHOLICS "COUNT THEIR BEADS"

(By "M. C. L." in Catholic Herald)

"What is the meaning of the Rosary, and what is the meaning of counting the beads?" enquires a correspondent. Well, the beads are not there simply to be counted, nor are we just "counting beads" when we recite the Rosary. We are meditating on mysteries of our Faith, and reciting certain prayers. The beads fix the number of times those have to be recited; they help us to keep our attention fixed on what we are doing, and to recall it and renew it should it wander.

Wales the people do carry their beads openly, and make such clappings with them that a man can hardly hear the minister, alleging that they can read their beads as others their books." Mary Queen of Scots, carried on the scaffold a crucifix and a rosary. It is recorded of Father John Ogilvie, S. J., the martyr of Glasgow (1615), that from the scaffold he threw his rosary into the crowd, and it was snatched by a Catholic by-stander. Prior to that, it had struck the breast of a young foreign nobleman, Baron Eckersdorff, who said that from that moment he had no rest. "Those beads had left a wound on my soul. Go where I would I had no peace of mind. At last conscience won the day, and I became a Catholic." The devotion is kept up even amidst the storm and stress, the peril and fierce pain of the War.

Wales the people do carry their beads openly, and make such clappings with them that a man can hardly hear the minister, alleging that they can read their beads as others their books." Mary Queen of Scots, carried on the scaffold a crucifix and a rosary. It is recorded of Father John Ogilvie, S. J., the martyr of Glasgow (1615), that from the scaffold he threw his rosary into the crowd, and it was snatched by a Catholic by-stander. Prior to that, it had struck the breast of a young foreign nobleman, Baron Eckersdorff, who said that from that moment he had no rest. "Those beads had left a wound on my soul. Go where I would I had no peace of mind. At last conscience won the day, and I became a Catholic." The devotion is kept up even amidst the storm and stress, the peril and fierce pain of the War.

Wales the people do carry their beads openly, and make such clappings with them that a man can hardly hear the minister, alleging that they can read their beads as others their books." Mary Queen of Scots, carried on the scaffold a crucifix and a rosary. It is recorded of Father John Ogilvie, S. J., the martyr of Glasgow (1615), that from the scaffold he threw his rosary into the crowd, and it was snatched by a Catholic by-stander. Prior to that, it had struck the breast of a young foreign nobleman, Baron Eckersdorff, who said that from that moment he had no rest. "Those beads had left a wound on my soul. Go where I would I had no peace of mind. At last conscience won the day, and I became a Catholic." The devotion is kept up even amidst the storm and stress, the peril and fierce pain of the War.

Wales the people do carry their beads openly, and make such clappings with them that a man can hardly hear the minister, alleging that they can read their beads as others their books." Mary Queen of Scots, carried on the scaffold a crucifix and a rosary. It is recorded of Father John Ogilvie, S. J., the martyr of Glasgow (1615), that from the scaffold he threw his rosary into the crowd, and it was snatched by a Catholic by-stander. Prior to that, it had struck the breast of a young foreign nobleman, Baron Eckersdorff, who said that from that moment he had no rest. "Those beads had left a wound on my soul. Go where I would I had no peace of mind. At last conscience won the day, and I became a Catholic." The devotion is kept up even amidst the storm and stress, the peril and fierce pain of the War.

Wales the people do carry their beads openly, and make such clappings with them that a man can hardly hear the minister, alleging that they can read their beads as others their books." Mary Queen of Scots, carried on the scaffold a crucifix and a rosary. It is recorded of Father John Ogilvie, S. J., the martyr of Glasgow (1615), that from the scaffold he threw his rosary into the crowd, and it was snatched by a Catholic by-stander. Prior to that, it had struck the breast of a young foreign nobleman, Baron Eckersdorff, who said that from that moment he had no rest. "Those beads had left a wound on my soul. Go where I would I had no peace of mind. At last conscience won the day, and I became a Catholic." The devotion is kept up even amidst the storm and stress, the peril and fierce pain of the War.

Wales the people do carry their beads openly, and make such clappings with them that a man can hardly hear the minister, alleging that they can read their beads as others their books." Mary Queen of Scots, carried on the scaffold a crucifix and a rosary. It is recorded of Father John Ogilvie, S. J., the martyr of Glasgow (1615), that from the scaffold he threw his rosary into the crowd, and it was snatched by a Catholic by-stander. Prior to that, it had struck the breast of a young foreign nobleman, Baron Eckersdorff, who said that from that moment he had no rest. "Those beads had left a wound on my soul. Go where I would I had no peace of mind. At last conscience won the day, and I became a Catholic." The devotion is kept up even amidst the storm and stress, the peril and fierce pain of the War.

Wales the people do carry their beads openly, and make such clappings with them that a man can hardly hear the minister, alleging that they can read their beads as others their books." Mary Queen of Scots, carried on the scaffold a crucifix and a rosary. It is recorded of Father John Ogilvie, S. J., the martyr of Glasgow (1615), that from the scaffold he threw his rosary into the crowd, and it was snatched by a Catholic by-stander. Prior to that, it had struck the breast of a young foreign nobleman, Baron Eckersdorff, who said that from that moment he had no rest. "Those beads had left a wound on my soul. Go where I would I had no peace of mind. At last conscience won the day, and I became a Catholic." The devotion is kept up even amidst the storm and stress, the peril and fierce pain of the War.

to man and their duty to humanity, cannot be patriotic. Standing here as a humble representative of that mighty organization and as the last of the citizens of the United States I can only consecrate and dedicate myself to the service of my country. This is not a time for words, it is a time for deeds. We owe not only allegiance but service. Always has it been the character of the city of St. Francis that when large things came to it her people have performed them in a large way. Now you have the largest opportunity of service that has ever come to you. See that you do it in the largest way.

"Every force in this State from the lowest to the greatest, has its part to play in the support of our country. Let every man and woman in California be a part of the mighty army of help and defense.

In his invocation, Archbishop Hanna termed the present war "the greatest battle for liberty that the earth has ever known." He said: "O God of our fathers, God of my strength and power, look down upon us gathered here in Thy name in the most momentous crisis that the world has ever seen, in the greatest battle for liberty that the earth has ever known."

"Teach us to turn aside from comfort, from gain, and from treasure and give our lives, if necessary, that liberty, yes, freedom, may ring, and that a government by the people may not perish from off the earth, and grant that through our efforts peace may finally come—peace with honor—and that in the end peace may live to work unto Thy great glory. Amen."—The Monitor.

CATHOLICS HEAD ARMY AND NAVY

Major General Thomas H. Barry, who commands the Central Department of the United States Army, with headquarters at Chicago, was born in New York in 1856, of Irish parents, and has had a brilliant army career. He is directly in line for promotion to the chief command this year. He is a member of the Catholic Club of New York and also of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick. He was the guest of honor at the Irish Fellow Club at Chicago on St. Patrick's day, at their great banquet.

Admiral Benson, a convert, is successor to the late Admiral Dewey and Chief of Operations in the Navy Department.—The Monitor.

THE ROSARY

ITS MEANING, HISTORY AND USES—WHY CATHOLICS "COUNT THEIR BEADS"

(By "M. C. L." in Catholic Herald)

"What is the meaning of the Rosary, and what is the meaning of counting the beads?" enquires a correspondent. Well, the beads are not there simply to be counted, nor are we just "counting beads" when we recite the Rosary. We are meditating on mysteries of our Faith, and reciting certain prayers. The beads fix the number of times those have to be recited; they help us to keep our attention fixed on what we are doing, and to recall it and renew it should it wander.

Wales the people do carry their beads openly, and make such clappings with them that a man can hardly hear the minister, alleging that they can read their beads as others their books." Mary Queen of Scots, carried on the scaffold a crucifix and a rosary. It is recorded of Father John Ogilvie, S. J., the martyr of Glasgow (1615), that from the scaffold he threw his rosary into the crowd, and it was snatched by a Catholic by-stander. Prior to that, it had struck the breast of a young foreign nobleman, Baron Eckersdorff, who said that from that moment he had no rest. "Those beads had left a wound on my soul. Go where I would I had no peace of mind. At last conscience won the day, and I became a Catholic." The devotion is kept up even amidst the storm and stress, the peril and fierce pain of the War.

Wales the people do carry their beads openly, and make such clappings with them that a man can hardly hear the minister, alleging that they can read their beads as others their books." Mary Queen of Scots, carried on the scaffold a crucifix and a rosary. It is recorded of Father John Ogilvie, S. J., the martyr of Glasgow (1615), that from the scaffold he threw his rosary into the crowd, and it was snatched by a Catholic by-stander. Prior to that, it had struck the breast of a young foreign nobleman, Baron Eckersdorff, who said that from that moment he had no rest. "Those beads had left a wound on my soul. Go where I would I had no peace of mind. At last conscience won the day, and I became a Catholic." The devotion is kept up even amidst the storm and stress, the peril and fierce pain of the War.

Wales the people do carry their beads openly, and make such clappings with them that a man can hardly hear the minister, alleging that they can read their beads as others their books." Mary Queen of Scots, carried on the scaffold a crucifix and a rosary. It is recorded of Father John Ogilvie, S. J., the martyr of Glasgow (1615), that from the scaffold he threw his rosary into the crowd, and it was snatched by a Catholic by-stander. Prior to that, it had struck the breast of a young foreign nobleman, Baron Eckersdorff, who said that from that moment he had no rest. "Those beads had left a wound on my soul. Go where I would I had no peace of mind. At last conscience won the day, and I became a Catholic." The devotion is kept up even amidst the storm and stress, the peril and fierce pain of the War.

Wales the people do carry their beads openly, and make such clappings with them that a man can hardly hear the minister, alleging that they can read their beads as others their books." Mary Queen of Scots, carried on the scaffold a crucifix and a rosary. It is recorded of Father John Ogilvie, S. J., the martyr of Glasgow (1615), that from the scaffold he threw his rosary into the crowd, and it was snatched by a Catholic by-stander. Prior to that, it had struck the breast of a young foreign nobleman, Baron Eckersdorff, who said that from that moment he had no rest. "Those beads had left a wound on my soul. Go where I would I had no peace of mind. At last conscience won the day, and I became a Catholic." The devotion is kept up even amidst the storm and stress, the peril and fierce pain of the War.

Wales the people do carry their beads openly, and make such clappings with them that a man can hardly hear the minister, alleging that they can read their beads as others their books." Mary Queen of Scots, carried on the scaffold a crucifix and a rosary. It is recorded of Father John Ogilvie, S. J., the martyr of Glasgow (1615), that from the scaffold he threw his rosary into the crowd, and it was snatched by a Catholic by-stander. Prior to that, it had struck the breast of a young foreign nobleman, Baron Eckersdorff, who said that from that moment he had no rest. "Those beads had left a wound on my soul. Go where I would I had no peace of mind. At last conscience won the day, and I became a Catholic." The devotion is kept up even amidst the storm and stress, the peril and fierce pain of the War.

Wales the people do carry their beads openly, and make such clappings with them that a man can hardly hear the minister, alleging that they can read their beads as others their books." Mary Queen of Scots, carried on the scaffold a crucifix and a rosary. It is recorded of Father John Ogilvie, S. J., the martyr of Glasgow (1615), that from the scaffold he threw his rosary into the crowd, and it was snatched by a Catholic by-stander. Prior to that, it had struck the breast of a young foreign nobleman, Baron Eckersdorff, who said that from that moment he had no rest. "Those beads had left a wound on my soul. Go where I would I had no peace of mind. At last conscience won the day, and I became a Catholic." The devotion is kept up even amidst the storm and stress, the peril and fierce pain of the War.

Wales the people do carry their beads openly, and make such clappings with them that a man can hardly hear the minister, alleging that they can read their beads as others their books." Mary Queen of Scots, carried on the scaffold a crucifix and a rosary. It is recorded of Father John Ogilvie, S. J., the martyr of Glasgow (1615), that from the scaffold he threw his rosary into the crowd, and it was snatched by a Catholic by-stander. Prior to that, it had struck the breast of a young foreign nobleman, Baron Eckersdorff, who said that from that moment he had no rest. "Those beads had left a wound on my soul. Go where I would I had no peace of mind. At last conscience won the day, and I became a Catholic." The devotion is kept up even amidst the storm and stress, the peril and fierce pain of the War.

the fruit of thy womb" (St. Luke 1); and as we have faith enough to desire the Mother of the Lord to pray for us now, and at the hour of our death, we ask her to do so, in the words of the Church; and these sentences form the "Hail, Mary." (It will be seen that though, according to a Protestant disputant, "Catholics have no Bible," there is a good deal of the Bible in their prayers and devotions.) The second Joyful Mystery is the Visitation, when we think of how the charity of the Blessed Virgin constrained her to visit her cousin, who proclaimed her "the Mother of my Lord, when Our Lady uttered her grand "Magnificat," declaring that He who is mighty had done great things in her, and that henceforth all generations should call her blessed, a prophecy fulfilled in the Catholic Church of every generation. To us the Mother of the Lord is what the Bible says she is, "blessed among women," not the "ordinary woman" of unbelieving Protestantism. The third Joyful Mystery is the Nativity of Our Lord, when we contemplate how, "when all things were in quiet silence, and the night was in the midst of her course, Thy All-mighty Word came and from Thy Royal Throne," and the Son of God was born in the poor stable at Bethlehem. The fourth and fifth Joyful Mysteries are the Presentation of Our Lord in the Temple and the Finding of Our Lord, after His Mother and His foster-father, St. Joseph, had suffered for three days the loss of Him. The first Sorrowful Mystery is the Agony of Our Lord in the Garden; and the last His Crucifixion, to which our thoughts are led by successive meditations on different stages of His Passion, rousing all the loving compassion and contrition of our hearts for His bitter sufferings and agonizing death, caused by our sins, and inspiring us with a resolve to offend Him no more. The first of the five Glorious Mysteries is the Resurrection of Our Lord, and we meditate upon that first bright Easter day when our Saviour rose from the dead and revealed Himself to His faithful. "The last of the Glorious Mysteries takes our thoughts to heaven, where the Blessed Virgin is Queen of Martyrs, and of Angels, to still supplicating with her Divine Son on behalf of those of us who "have no wine," but are devoid of much that makes for sanctity and salvation, who appeal to her from our misery to pray for us to Him who wrought His first miracle in response to a few words from her. From all this it will be seen that the Rosary is very much more than "counting the beads." A stock charge urged against it by uninformed and unthinking non-Catholics is that of "vain repetitions," and they quote and misinterpret a mistranslation of Scripture to serve their purpose. From the Scripture itself we learn that Our Lord did not condemn repetitions of prayer; in the Garden of Olives He Himself repeated the same prayer three times; the "repetitions" of the blind man were answered by the gift of sight; and we are told that in heaven the angels rested not day and night in saying "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, Who was, Who is, and Who is to come." (St. Matthew xvi. 39, 42, 44; St. Mark x. 47-52; Apocalypse iv. 8.) The objection to the reiterated prayers of the Rosary is not felt by those who realize the spirit and intention of the devotion. In penal times the use of the beads was strictly forbidden, nevertheless private Confraternities of the Rosary kept up the devotion all through the fiercest periods of the persecution, and our Catholic forefathers boldly admitted before the judges that they "did use their beads," and that many thousands did the like.

Wales the people do carry their beads openly, and make such clappings with them that a man can hardly hear the minister, alleging that they can read their beads as others their books." Mary Queen of Scots, carried on the scaffold a crucifix and a rosary. It is recorded of Father John Ogilvie, S. J., the martyr of Glasgow (1615), that from the scaffold he threw his rosary into the crowd, and it was snatched by a Catholic by-stander. Prior to that, it had struck the breast of a young foreign nobleman, Baron Eckersdorff, who said that from that moment he had no rest. "Those beads had left a wound on my soul. Go where I would I had no peace of mind. At last conscience won the day, and I became a Catholic." The devotion is kept up even amidst the storm and stress, the peril and fierce pain of the War.

Wales the people do carry their beads openly, and make such clappings with them that a man can hardly hear the minister, alleging that they can read their beads as others their books." Mary Queen of Scots, carried on the scaffold a crucifix and a rosary. It is recorded of Father John Ogilvie, S. J., the martyr of Glasgow (1615), that from the scaffold he threw his rosary into the crowd, and it was snatched by a Catholic by-stander. Prior to that, it had struck the breast of a young foreign nobleman, Baron Eckersdorff, who said that from that moment he had no rest. "Those beads had left a wound on my soul. Go where I would I had no peace of mind. At last conscience won the day, and I became a Catholic." The devotion is kept up even amidst the storm and stress, the peril and fierce pain of the War.

Wales the people do carry their beads openly, and make such clappings with them that a man can hardly hear the minister, alleging that they can read their beads as others their books." Mary Queen of Scots, carried on the scaffold a crucifix and a rosary. It is recorded of Father John Ogilvie, S. J., the martyr of Glasgow (1615), that from the scaffold he threw his rosary into the crowd, and it was snatched by a Catholic by-stander. Prior to that, it had struck the breast of a young foreign nobleman, Baron Eckersdorff, who said that from that moment he had no rest. "Those beads had left a wound on my soul. Go where I would I had no peace of mind. At last conscience won the day, and I became a Catholic." The devotion is kept up even amidst the storm and stress, the peril and fierce pain of the War.

Wales the people do carry their beads openly, and make such clappings with them that a man can hardly hear the minister, alleging that they can read their beads as others their books." Mary Queen of Scots, carried on the scaffold a crucifix and a rosary. It is recorded of Father John Ogilvie, S. J., the martyr of Glasgow (1615), that from the scaffold he threw his rosary into the crowd, and it was snatched by a Catholic by-stander. Prior to that, it had struck the breast of a young foreign nobleman, Baron Eckersdorff, who said that from that moment he had no rest. "Those beads had left a wound on my soul. Go where I would I had no peace of mind. At last conscience won the day, and I became a Catholic." The devotion is kept up even amidst the storm and stress, the peril and fierce pain of the War.

Wales the people do carry their beads openly, and make such clappings with them that a man can hardly hear the minister, alleging that they can read their beads as others their books." Mary Queen of Scots, carried on the scaffold a crucifix and a rosary. It is recorded of Father John Ogilvie, S. J., the martyr of Glasgow (1615), that from the scaffold he threw his rosary into the crowd, and it was snatched by a Catholic by-stander. Prior to that, it had struck the breast of a young foreign nobleman, Baron Eckersdorff, who said that from that moment he had no rest. "Those beads had left a wound on my soul. Go where I would I had no peace of mind. At last conscience won the day, and I became a Catholic." The devotion is kept up even amidst the storm and stress, the peril and fierce pain of the War.

Wales the people do carry their beads openly, and make such clappings with them that a man can hardly hear the minister, alleging that they can read their beads as others their books." Mary Queen of Scots, carried on the scaffold a crucifix and a rosary. It is recorded of Father John Ogilvie, S. J., the martyr of Glasgow (1615), that from the scaffold he threw his rosary into the crowd, and it was snatched by a Catholic by-stander. Prior to that, it had struck the breast of a young foreign nobleman, Baron Eckersdorff, who said that from that moment he had no rest. "Those beads had left a wound on my soul. Go where I would I had no peace of mind. At last conscience won the day, and I became a Catholic." The devotion is kept up even amidst the storm and stress, the peril and fierce pain of the War.

Wales the people do carry their beads openly, and make such clappings with them that a man can hardly hear the minister, alleging that they can read their beads as others their books." Mary Queen of Scots, carried on the scaffold a crucifix and a rosary. It is recorded of Father John Ogilvie, S. J., the martyr of Glasgow (1615), that from the scaffold he threw his rosary into the crowd, and it was snatched by a Catholic by-stander. Prior to that, it had struck the breast of a young foreign nobleman, Baron Eckersdorff, who said that from that moment he had no rest. "Those beads had left a wound on my soul. Go where I would I had no peace of mind. At last conscience won the day, and I became a Catholic." The devotion is kept up even amidst the storm and stress, the peril and fierce pain of the War.

Wales the people do carry their beads openly, and make such clappings with them that a man can hardly hear the minister, alleging that they can read their beads as others their books." Mary Queen of Scots, carried on the scaffold a crucifix and a rosary. It is recorded of Father John Ogilvie, S. J., the martyr of Glasgow (1615), that from the scaffold he threw his rosary into the crowd, and it was snatched by a Catholic by-stander. Prior to that, it had struck the breast of a young foreign nobleman, Baron Eckersdorff, who said that from that moment he had no rest. "Those beads had left a wound on my soul. Go where I would I had no peace of mind. At last conscience won the day, and I became a Catholic." The devotion is kept up even amidst the storm and stress, the peril and fierce pain of the War.

Wales the people do carry their beads openly, and make such clappings with them that a man can hardly hear the minister, alleging that they can read their beads as others their books." Mary Queen of Scots, carried on the scaffold a crucifix and a rosary. It is recorded of Father John Ogilvie, S. J., the martyr of Glasgow (1615), that from the scaffold he threw his rosary into the crowd, and it was snatched by a Catholic by-stander. Prior to that, it had struck the breast of a young foreign nobleman, Baron Eckersdorff, who said that from that moment he had no rest. "Those beads had left a wound on my soul. Go where I would I had no peace of mind. At last conscience won the day, and I became a Catholic." The devotion is kept up even amidst the storm and stress, the peril and fierce pain of the War.

Wales the people do carry their beads openly, and make such clappings with them that a man can hardly hear the minister, alleging that they can read their beads as others their books." Mary Queen of Scots, carried on the scaffold a crucifix and a rosary. It is recorded of Father John Ogilvie, S. J., the martyr of Glasgow (1615), that from the scaffold he threw his rosary into the crowd, and it was snatched by a Catholic by-stander. Prior to that, it had struck the breast of a young foreign nobleman, Baron Eckersdorff, who said that from that moment he had no rest. "Those beads had left a wound on my soul. Go where I would I had no peace of mind. At last conscience won the day, and I became a Catholic." The devotion is kept up even amidst the storm and stress, the peril and fierce pain of the War.

Wales the people do carry their beads openly, and make such clappings with them that a man can hardly hear the minister, alleging that they can read their beads as others their books." Mary Queen of Scots, carried on the scaffold a crucifix and a rosary. It is recorded of Father John Ogilvie, S. J., the martyr of Glasgow (1615), that from the scaffold he threw his rosary into the crowd, and it was snatched by a Catholic by-stander. Prior to that, it had struck the breast of a young foreign nobleman, Baron Eckersdorff, who said that from that moment he had no rest. "Those beads had left a wound on my soul. Go where I would I had no peace of mind. At last conscience won the day, and I became a Catholic." The devotion is kept up even amidst the storm and stress, the peril and fierce pain of the War.

Wales the people do carry their beads openly, and make such clappings with them that a man can hardly hear the minister, alleging that they can read their beads as others their books." Mary Queen of Scots, carried on the scaffold a crucifix and a rosary. It is recorded of Father John Ogilvie, S. J., the martyr of Glasgow (1615), that from the scaffold he threw his rosary into the crowd, and it was snatched by a Catholic by-stander. Prior to that, it had struck the breast of a young foreign nobleman, Baron Eckersdorff, who said that from that moment he had no rest. "Those beads had left a wound on my soul. Go where I would I had no peace of mind. At last conscience won the day, and I became a Catholic." The devotion is kept up even amidst the storm and stress, the peril and fierce pain of the War.

Wales the people do carry their beads openly, and make such clappings with them that a man can hardly hear the minister, alleging that they can read their beads as others their books." Mary Queen of Scots, carried on the scaffold a crucifix and a rosary. It is recorded of Father John Ogilvie, S. J., the martyr of Glasgow (1615), that from the scaffold he threw

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

By Rev. N. M. REDMOND
THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

TRIALS ARE SENT FOR OUR GREATER GOOD

"Amen, amen, I say to you, that you shall lament and weep, but the world shall rejoice; and you shall be turned into joy." (John xvi, 20)

We cannot question that afflictions are advantageous to Christians since our Lord made them the portion of His apostles. What is this matter He deemed expedient for His apostles He has considered no less so for all Christians, as His own divine life and doctrine most clearly show. If there be one thing more than another which His most blessed life and doctrine are calculated to teach us, it is the absolute necessity of disengaging our hearts from the love of the world. But to actually effect this, on account of our slowness in aught spiritual, besides His divine example and doctrine, He finds it necessary to put us through a course of discipline. Hence the words of the sacred writ: "As silver is tried by fire, and gold in the furnace, so God tries the hearts of men." What the fire and the furnace are to these precious metals, adversity is to Christians hearts. By it the degree and quality of their virtue are tested, and virtue itself is purified from the dross of earthly affections. The soul descends, and degrades herself, when she centres her affections on less than God, and the common effect of adversity on the soul of the Christian is to raise her affections to where they belong.

TEMPERANCE

HOW TO CURE THE HABIT OF DRUNKENNESS

1. The first remedy consists in giving up at once the use of all intoxicants whatever. To say and promise that you will no longer drink to excess, but will drink only moderately, is an illusion. It was moderate drinking that gradually plunged you into degrading vice, and what moderate drinking has once accomplished in your regard, it will accomplish again. If you are in earnest, give up immediately all use of intoxicants. If you have not the courage to do so, pray earnestly and sincerely for it to Jesus and Mary until you obtain it, as many others have obtained it before you.

2. In the next place, it is absolutely necessary to quit the occasion of drunkenness, and thus avoid all danger and probability of relapse, for, says the Holy Ghost, "he that loveth danger shall perish therein" (Eccl. 3, 27). You are not sincere or in earnest, if you persist in frequenting the same boon companions, the saloons as before. You must keep away from them altogether.

3. Thirdly, it behooves you to make a good and sincere confession, heartily detesting your sins and firmly resolved to die rather than again be guilty of the same sins, or expose yourself to the proximate danger of relapse. You must make your peace with God, if you wish Him to impart His blessing and constancy to your resolutions.

4. Frequent and fervent prayer is necessary to secure perseverance, for of ourselves we are all weak and helpless, and are unable to accomplish anything without God's help, which He will surely give every day to him who asks it every day in prayer. With God's help and grace we can do all things, however difficult they may be.

5. Perseverance has to be secured by frequent confession and Communion, for these sacraments have been instituted in order to impart to us the strength necessary to overcome our evil habits and inclinations. In the sacrament of penance our soul is washed and purified of its sins in the blood of Jesus, and in the Blessed Eucharist we are fed and strengthened with His body and blood, united intimately with Him and enabled to lead a truly sober and Christian life. Why do so many repentant drunkards relapse again into that degrading habit? Because they do not go often enough to confession and Holy Communion.

6. As a powerful remedy and preventative of the repentant drunkard should join a Catholic (and non-other) Temperance Society, such as: The Knights of Father Mathew, The Total Abstinence Society. Some of these Catholic Temperance Societies are also mutually beneficial to the members in case of sickness or death. Many of their members have never tasted intoxicants in all their life, but have joined these Societies partly as a preservation against temptation and danger, and partly for the sake of giving good example and encouragement to their fellow-Catholics.—"Sermon Matter."

once may it be said, that the excellent and most necessary virtue of humility is seldom secure save when under the shelter of adversity. It is a plant that seldom grows and never flourishes in a rich soil; it is a child that thrives best under a strict and severe discipline. The smiles and caresses of prosperity, like the over-indulgence of a fond mother, contribute only to its ruin. How many souls have been ruined, and are now in hell, by the smiles and caresses of prosperity, and how many have been saved and are now in heaven by the rod of adversity!

Common indeed it is for some to imagine themselves virtuous when the test is not in sight. They often, like Peter, strangely fancy that nothing could make them act a coward's part. Like soldiers in a mock battle, after a pious reading or touching sermon, they abound in resolutions, that when the real battle will have place they will act the courageous part. But how often, like Peter, are they made by adversity to experience their own weakness, and to understand the speculative nature of the ideas which in their delusion they entertained.

Whether we will or not, trials will come. Since, therefore, we see that when properly borne they are greatly to our interest, can we have any just reason for refusing Christian submission? No. Let us therefore be patient in all the trials that come to us from God; let us feel pleased that by them God's will and pleasure are accomplished in us; let us, in fine, rejoice with the holy apostles, that God has deemed us worthy to suffer for His sake.

TEMPERANCE

HOW TO CURE THE HABIT OF DRUNKENNESS

1. The first remedy consists in giving up at once the use of all intoxicants whatever. To say and promise that you will no longer drink to excess, but will drink only moderately, is an illusion. It was moderate drinking that gradually plunged you into degrading vice, and what moderate drinking has once accomplished in your regard, it will accomplish again. If you are in earnest, give up immediately all use of intoxicants. If you have not the courage to do so, pray earnestly and sincerely for it to Jesus and Mary until you obtain it, as many others have obtained it before you.

2. In the next place, it is absolutely necessary to quit the occasion of drunkenness, and thus avoid all danger and probability of relapse, for, says the Holy Ghost, "he that loveth danger shall perish therein" (Eccl. 3, 27). You are not sincere or in earnest, if you persist in frequenting the same boon companions, the saloons as before. You must keep away from them altogether.

3. Thirdly, it behooves you to make a good and sincere confession, heartily detesting your sins and firmly resolved to die rather than again be guilty of the same sins, or expose yourself to the proximate danger of relapse. You must make your peace with God, if you wish Him to impart His blessing and constancy to your resolutions.

4. Frequent and fervent prayer is necessary to secure perseverance, for of ourselves we are all weak and helpless, and are unable to accomplish anything without God's help, which He will surely give every day to him who asks it every day in prayer. With God's help and grace we can do all things, however difficult they may be.

5. Perseverance has to be secured by frequent confession and Communion, for these sacraments have been instituted in order to impart to us the strength necessary to overcome our evil habits and inclinations. In the sacrament of penance our soul is washed and purified of its sins in the blood of Jesus, and in the Blessed Eucharist we are fed and strengthened with His body and blood, united intimately with Him and enabled to lead a truly sober and Christian life. Why do so many repentant drunkards relapse again into that degrading habit? Because they do not go often enough to confession and Holy Communion.

6. As a powerful remedy and preventative of the repentant drunkard should join a Catholic (and non-other) Temperance Society, such as: The Knights of Father Mathew, The Total Abstinence Society. Some of these Catholic Temperance Societies are also mutually beneficial to the members in case of sickness or death. Many of their members have never tasted intoxicants in all their life, but have joined these Societies partly as a preservation against temptation and danger, and partly for the sake of giving good example and encouragement to their fellow-Catholics.—"Sermon Matter."

LIQUOR AND CIVILIZATION

Man is an animal that subsists by eating, drinking and breathing. No matter of what substance his spirit may be composed, he has food and no qualities of the body. Stop his breath for thirty minutes, his food for a month, or his water supply for two months, and his body dies.

If food and drink exercise such a potential influence over life itself, it is reasonable to assume that the character of particular foods and drinks exercise some influence over the particular characteristics of life.

So true is this that we admit without argument the death dealing qualities of certain drugs. No one would think of taking strychnine or prussic acid.

There are drugs which do not act so quickly, but whose effects, though more gradual, are none the less violent. Such, for instance, is morphine, and such are the intoxicating liquors.

When or where drunkenness originated no one seems to know, but drunkenness has come to be a surprising factor in civilized life.

Much of the immorality, degeneracy and beastliness of modern times is directly traceable to its influence.

Not only does it unbalance the individual, giving him a warped view of his duty, and obligations toward society, but its general effect is to make people careless and improvident, and this effect is sometimes transmitted from father to son without the habit itself.

It is impossible to say just how much of the insanity, criminality and debauchery of today is attributable to the grog shop of yesterday, but probably a great deal, and the worst of it is that this same process is bound to stultify the character and mentality of future generations.—Catholic Temperance Advocate.

CHERISH YOUR MOTHER'S MEMORY

At the time of the Spanish-American War, the following beautiful incident went the rounds of some of our secular dailies, says the Francis Herald.

It was just before the battle of Manila Harbour. The command to clear for action had been given, when one of the cabin boys of the flagship had the misfortune to let his jacket fall overboard. He asked for permission to recover it, but the permission was refused. Watching his chance he went to the other side of the ship, sprang overboard, recovered his coat, and then quickly resumed his post. His action was noticed, however, and he was sentenced to confinement for his disobedience. It was for Admiral Dewey to sign the papers that would deprive the lad of his liberty. The admiral, however, first summoned the boy to learn what had induced him to do such a thing. The boy, somewhat abashed took a photograph from his pocket and handed it to the admiral with the words: "My Mother." The picture was in the jacket when the latter fell overboard, and the boy would not forsake it for anything in the world. Admiral Dewey was so moved by his example of filial piety, that he quashed the sentence, saying: "A son that will risk his life for a picture of his mother, will risk it also for his country, and should not be behind bars of iron."

SOMETHING TO DO

One of the most striking parables in the Gospel relates how certain men stood idly by the vineyard that was waiting for workmen to gather its fruits. When reproved by the Master of the vineyard, they replied that they had not been hired. By their excuse they confessed their unwillingness to volunteer.

There is a big vineyard in the world today—Christ's vineyard, the Church—where workmen of all kinds and classes are sorely needed. There are a thousand tasks awaiting the willing doer. Christ's official laborers, the priests, especially in our own country, have more than they can possibly do themselves. Owing to the conditions of our times and country, much work can be done only by laymen. In many a priest's face the door of opportunity is ruthlessly slammed. If, then, the laity refuse to do Christ's work, it means in countless instances that that work will never be done. And on his death-bed many a layman will be tortured by the thought that he might have helped on the cause of the Master if he had but been willing to sacrifice a portion of his ease, to spend a few dollars, or his superfluous money. And all of us will have plenty of things to reproach ourselves for in that dread hour without cold-bloodedly storing up more.

In a loving service of others true happiness consists. Working for Christ is the widest kind of romance. Serving the interest of the Church is more enthralling than any other occupation you can imagine, for we know all the while that victory sooner or later will be ours; that the slightest effort which we make will be increased by God's grace a hundredfold; that nothing we do will be lost in the great cause, and that even a cup of cold water, given for Christ's sake, will receive a reward exceeding great.

We need no formal invitation to work for Christ and His Church. He invites us all to serve. Since we are one big family, of which Christ is the head, all Catholics should have enough spirit and family pride to promote the reign of Christ in the world at large, in the hearts of their fellows, no less than in the little kingdom of their own individual souls.

What, then, are the ways by which we can serve the Church? Some few simple ways open to all of us are these: Join one or other of your parish societies and try your best to promote its interests; give your hearty support to the parochial schools; try to bring back to the Church some wayward Catholic; neglect no opportunity of performing corporal works of mercy; promote Catholic literature by distributing your used periodicals and papers amongst the poor who cannot sub-

HEALTHIEST ONE IN THE FAMILY

No Sign Of Dropsy And Kidney Trouble Since Taking "FRUIT-A-TIVES"



HATTIE WARREN
Port Robinson, Ont., July 8th, 1915.

"We have used 'Fruit-a-tives' in our house for over three years and have always found them a good medicine. Our little girl, Hattie, was troubled with Kidney Disease. The Doctor said she was threatened with Dropsy. Her limbs and body were all swollen and we began to think she could not live. Finally, we decided to try 'Fruit-a-tives'. She began to show improvement after we had given her a few tablets. In a short time, the swelling had all gone down and her flesh began to look more natural. Now she is the healthiest one in the family and has no signs of the old ailment. We can not say too much for 'Fruit-a-tives' and would never be without them."

WILLIAM WARREN.
50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c.
At all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

scribe for them themselves; hearken to the cries of the nations sitting in darkness and in pagan lands and give according to your means to the foreign missions. Here are a half dozen easy ways of promoting the Kingdom of God on earth. Are you going to be a promoter?—Rosary Magazine.

FATHER AND SON

Among the many movements that have originated in recent years in order to promote the welfare of society may be mentioned that of father and son. The traditional beliefs seem to persist that the moral and social development of the children is almost exclusively subjected to the directing hands of the father. Great men, when in a reminiscent mood, are wont to call the influence which a mother's teaching and example has had upon their early and even their later development. It is usual to hear men say that they owe all their success to the inspiration of the mother. While all this may be and, possibly, is true, there still remains a great deal to be said about the duty of the father with regard to the son.

In most families the relations between father and son are confined to an exchange of remarks or views on general subjects during the evening hours after the father has returned from the occupations of the day. The good or bad that may have distinguished the particular day of the boy's life are made the subject of the interview; the boy is praised or he receives a reprimand. Usually that is the sum total of their relations.

Now it would seem that the father should play a far more important role in the development of his son. As a matter of fact, while the youthful mind is plastic and pliable and easily susceptible to the loving impressions made thereon by the tender solicitude of the mother, the masculine fibre in the boy's nature seems to demand another force that is at the same time directive and corrective. This force should be not so much stern as sympathetic. The future man should be made to see things, to view life, to grasp problems, from a man's standpoint. The average boy venerates his mother, but he cultivates a kind of hero-worship for the father. To the boy's mind his mother is an angel, but his father, a hero. Just as it behooves the mother to so rear a girl as to gain from her complete and unqualified confidence, so it is the duty of the father so to make himself a part of his boy's life and interests as to win for himself the fullest trust and confidence of his son. Once a boy understands thoroughly that his interests, childish though they seem, are looked upon by the father as being important, from that moment the relations between father and son will be closely cemented.

During his earlier years the boy confides entirely to his mother. But as youth succeeds adolescence new problems and new situations arise in his life which, usually speaking, he is left to wrestle with alone. He considers such things beyond the intelligent understanding of the mother, while at the same time he is often deterred from unfolding them to the sternness of an unsympathetic and unapproprative father. The result is that from about his fourteenth year until the age of maturity the boy is left to founder about in a sea of temptation and uncertainty with no guiding hand to direct him securely to a port of safety. It is chiefly during that period that the influence

of the father, his kindly interest, and his genuine sympathy for the boy and his problems are sorely needed. Many a young man can trace his serious errors and frequently his downfall to the lack of real sympathetic guidance which he expected and deserved but never received from the father. The girl is watched over, counseled and protected for many years, and rightly so; but the boy usually is left to shift for himself and to depend upon the conclusions and decisions derived from his immature and inexperienced judgment.—St. Paul Bulletin.

CARDINAL AMETTE

DISCUSSES DIVINE PROVIDENCE

Cardinal Amette's Lenten pastoral letter to the Catholics of Paris which was read in all the churches was a profound yet simple exposition of the position of Divine Providence as regards the War. He points out that God governs the world in view of the last end, which is His glory, procured by the eternal salvation of souls. Ordinarily God governs the world by leaving the second causes created by Him to act according to their nature, freely, with the liberty with which He has endowed them. In the light of these two providential laws must be regarded the enigmas of the Divine government, principal amongst these being the existence of evil in the world, and the apparently inequitable division of the good and bad of life between the just and sinners.

He goes on to explain the two kinds of evil, moral evil or sin, sensible evil or suffering. Hearts and consciences ask themselves with anxiety at times like these how sin and suffering are possible under the empire of an infinitely just and holy God, and in times like those we live in these questions become agonizing. God is not the author of moral evil, which is the contradiction of His Will. Having made man good, given him a knowledge of the moral law and every facility to comply with it, even to raise himself higher, to give more value to his submission to God left him free in his decisions. At the suggestion of the fallen angel man turned away from good and chose evil. If in order to remain faithful to the plan of His creation, God tolerates moral evil, He draws from it in His wisdom great good for us and for Himself. "Without the hate of persecution the patience of the martyrs would not exist," St. Augustine says. God, then, can tolerate moral evil without prejudice to His sanctity and in the same way He can permit sensible evil without detriment to His goodness. Having regarded the affairs of individuals the Cardinal passes to discuss the affairs of nations in the Providence of God. "Justice elevates the nations and sin makes the peoples unhappy." The logical results of vices and virtues have only to produce their fruits. It is not necessary for God to interfere.—The Monitor.

CATHOLIC POPULATION OF ENGLAND

It would probably not be far wrong were the Catholics of England and Wales estimated at the number of 2,000,000. The official figures for 1917 are 1,894,243. Of these, the great bulk are of Irish race or birth. So true is this that Mr. Belloc spoke of them as an Irish colony.

Certainly, the Catholic Church in that country was built up in the mass from the refugees who crowded to England at the time of the famine which so terribly afflicted poor Ireland. And these people came, in the mass, carrying with them little but their faith and their hope and their infinite capacity for hard work. On their generosity the Church has been built up and furnished. And in the sixty or seventy years since the migration of these devoted Catholics, the Church has had time to provide all her requirements out of the gifts and by the energy of her own children. Schools, institutions, societies of all kinds, have risen by the magic of charity. A glance at the Catholic Directory or the Catholic Social Year Book for 1917 shows

Hotel Cumberland
NEW YORK, Broadway at 54th Street
Broadway cars from Grand Central Depot
7th Avenue cars from Penn's Station
New and Fireproof
Strictly First-Class—Rates Reasonable
Rooms with Adjoining Bath \$1.50 up
Rooms with Private Bath \$2.00 up
Suites \$4.00 up
10 Minutes Walk to 40 Theatres
Send for Booklet
HARRY P. STIMSON
Only New York Hotel Window-Seened Throughout

McShane Bell Foundry Co.
BALTIMORE, MD.
CHURCH, CHIME and PEAL BELLERS
Specialty

what zeal and work have done.—The Monitor.

Who gives a trifle meanly rather than the trifle.—Lavater.



It Cleans and Safeguards

Lifebuoy Soap is always on guard against dirt and disease. In the home, at your work, for hands and face, for shampoo and bath it will be found always on the watch against germ and microbe. Withal, the rich, creamy Lifebuoy lather makes it a real pleasure to use this "super soap."

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

The old proverb "prevention is better than cure" is another way of saying use Lifebuoy Soap. Start using it to-day and see that the children use it.

The mild antiseptic odor vanishes quickly after use.

At All Grocers—
LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED
TORONTO

STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS AND LEADED LIGHTS
B. LEONARD QUEBEC : P. Q.

We Make a Specialty of Catholic Church Windows

Pure Seeds

SAVE High Grade Tested Seeds MONEY are always reliable when of Rennie Reputation.

- Sudan Grass, new annual forage crop, enormous yield...lb. 40c
- White Wonder Millet, yields 50% more than others...lb. 30c
- Rennie's Early Yielder White Seed Oats...Peck 60c, bus. \$2.25, 10 bus. \$22.00
- High Grade White Cap Yellow Dent Seed Corn...Peck 75c, bus. \$2.75
- High Grade Gold Nugget Yellow Flint Seed Corn...Peck 90c, bus. \$3.35
- Dwarf Essex Broad Leaved Sowing Rape...10 lbs. \$1.70, 100 lbs. \$15.00
- High Grade Cream Calf Meal, guaranteed...50 lb. bag \$2.50
- Earliest Six Weeks Seed Potatoes...Peck \$1.00, bus. \$3.50
- Columbia Mammoth Two-year-old Asparagus Roots...100 \$2.20
- Prolific Golden Wax Butter Bush Beans...4 ozs. 15c, lb. 50c, 5 lbs. \$2.25
- Early Eclipse Blood Turnip Table Beet...Pkg. 5c, oz. 15c, 4 ozs. 40c
- Copenhagen Market Cabbage, best early...Pkg. 10c, oz. 75c, 4 ozs. \$2.00
- Half Long Danvers Red Table Carrot...Pkg. 5c, oz. 25c, 4 ozs. 65c
- Crosby's Early Sugar Table Corn...Pkg. 10c, lb. 35c, 5 lbs. \$1.50
- XXX Table Cucumber, for slicing...Pkg. 10c, oz. 25c, 4 ozs. 60c
- New York Wonderful Lettuce, summer head...Pkg. 10c, oz. 25c
- XXX Earliest Water Melon, best for north...Pkg. 10c, oz. 20c
- Select Yellow Dutch Onion Sets...lb. 35c, 5 lbs. \$1.70
- Shallot Multiplier Onions, for early use...lb. 30c, 5 lbs. \$1.40
- Rennie's Extra Early Garden Peas, very early...4 ozs. 10c, lb. 30c, 5 lbs. \$1.25
- Sparkler Radish, crisp table, round red...Pkg. 5c, oz. 15c, 4 oz. 40c
- IXL Extremely Early Tomato, very prolific...Pkg. 15c, 4 oz. 30c
- Rennie's Superb Mixed Gladioli Bulbs...10 for 50c, 100 \$3.50
- Spencer Sweet Peas, choice colors, mixed...Pkg. 10c, oz. 30c
- Rochester Giant Asters, Pink, White, Lavender or Mixed...Pkg. 15c
- XXX Nicotiana, splendid colors, mixed hybrids...Pkg. 10c

"Pakro" Seedtape. "You plant it by the yard." 2 Pkts. for 25c. Ask for descriptive list. Rennie's Seed Annual Free to All. Cotton Bags Each 30c. Extra Order through your LOCAL DEALER or direct from

RENNIE'S SEEDS WM. RENNIE CO., Limited
King and Market Sts., TORONTO
Also at MONTREAL WINNIPEG VANCOUVER

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

NO TIME TO LOSE

Young friend, you're fond of sport and play— In that there's nothing wrong; But, as I love you, let me say, Don't be a boy too long!

And don't forget, as on you go, How high so'er you rise, The goal is set not here below, But far beyond the skies.

Mr. Thomas F. Woodlock, a successful New York broker, in an interview quoted in the Columbian, has these remarks to say about the young man and his chances of success:

"In the first place, a young man should make up his mind from the start that no job is too small to be properly done. Let us suppose that a young man has been out of school and at work for a few years, and he finds that his range is limited, or that his abilities are confined. He should never bend his neck to this form of economic doom. For a young man there should be no such thing as a rut. All forms of honest work are equally honorable. There never was and there never will be any room at or near the top for the men who think they are obliging their jobs, that they are too good for their work. The man who jumps in and helps at anything and everything when necessary and he can do it cannot escape his employer's notice even if he would.

"Employers are always on the lookout for such men—those who, in whatever capacity, show a real, personal interest in their work. The man whose energy is restricted in volume to the size of his pay envelope will not do, his output will not suffice. Whenever an employer finds that an employee's heart is in his job, that man is surely slated for advancement.

"A promising young man is the best asset any employer can have and most employers know it. Those who don't, don't stay long in business. It is safe for the young man to go ahead on the principle that good, honest work is always recognized. At times it may not seem so. It may appear that the deserving don't always get what they deserve. But that is where Shakespeare summed up the situation:

'Tis not in mortals to command success, But we'll do more—deserve it.

"I have never known a good Catholic young man whose religion was part of his life, who was not helped in his career by that fact, and who was not the more respected and trusted on that account, no matter what his abilities might be. In the working world there may be some places where anti-Catholic prejudice rules; I have never come across them. But I do know places of business where Catholic young men who attend to their religious duties are sought and preferred for that very reason by non-Catholic employers.

"Almost all Catholic men are asked questions from time to time by their non-Catholic associates, or even by their employers, regarding their religion. Those who can answer these questions intelligently are the more esteemed for it. My own experience leads me to believe that the questions are usually honestly meant, and it is important that they should be fairly and fully answered, and with patience.

"But as I said before, this subject involves platitudes. But every man at my time of life (Mr. Woodlock is fifty) knows that these things are true. The young man must take them on faith: he must have faith in his job, tackle it with enthusiasm, study it, strive to better its performance, and leave the rest to those who are watching him all the time. In the long run he'll find that he will do better for him than he could do for himself if he got all he thought he wanted."

To this general advice Mr. Woodlock added a special rider for Catholic young men:

"A man's job must necessarily be his main concern in the first twenty years or so of his career; but he ought not to make it his only concern. Every intelligent Catholic should make it a rule to feed his mind with Catholic reading so that he may cultivate a habit of Catholic thinking on general topics. I think many of our young men who are good, practical Catholics in all other respects, are weak here where they should be strong.

"A course of regular study in general Catholic apologetics is as good a recreation for a Catholic man's leisure time as could well be imagined, and the subject is as interesting as any that can be found.

"The young man's chance in life is always just as good as the young man

is for it. Don't be too select about openings or opportunities. Where work offers, go to it with a will, and the opportunities won't elude a hard worker."

SERVING GOD CHEERFULLY

There are ten thousand reasons why the service of God should be delightful and satisfactory. As a rule the man who is carrying on a profitable and successful business, is so long as everything goes well, tolerably happy. You don't see him going about with a long face, and although he may grumble a little, as most men do you can see that he does not mean it. Now, if this is the case in the midst of the uncertainties which are inseparable from all human transactions, what ought to be the satisfaction and contentment of a man who has seriously taken in hand the one necessary business? For how does the case stand with such a man? The man who has seriously taken in hand the business of saving his own soul must succeed—for him there is no such thing as failure.

So long as he is willing he must be prosperous. And why? Because he has Almighty God as a partner. And God is ready to give him what he hopes it is not irreverent to call unlimited credit. In this life He pours into his soul His heavenly grace, and this grace gives to all his actions a value which gives him a right to an eternal recompense. No action from mornings to night, from week's end to week's end, but may be made profitable and fruitful, if done with a right intention, and, of course, if there is nothing sinful in it. This is the position in which any and every man may be placed and may remain if he so will.—True Voice.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

FATHER TIM TELLS ABOUT A PICTURE

A little picture of red and blue and gold slipped from Father Casey's breviary and fluttered to the grass. Then came the struggle. For he was spending the day at the home of his sister, Mrs. Kelly, and the little nephews who hovered around him while he recited his office, fought with might and main for the honor of recovering the picture and restoring it. Terence, the oldest, was victor. Still breathless from the strenuous work, he said politely:

"Fardon me, uncle Tim, you dropped your picture."

"Thank you, Terence, thank you, you may keep it."

Father Casey, try as he might, could do nothing more than pretend to read his breviary as the other children gathered around Terence to discuss his gift.

"What is it? What is it?" came in chorus.

"The Blessed Virgin holding the Infant Jesus in her arms," said Terence with dignity, and it says: 'Miraculous picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help.'"

"Let me see," whined the supreme ruler and dictator of the house of Kelly, baby Mary.

"It's God's mamma. Kiss God's mamma, Mary," said Catherine lifting up the little one who fervently kissed the picture. Baby Mary gazed at the sorrowful face of the Madonna a moment and murmured:

"Dad's mamma mad at me!"

"No, Mary, she isn't mad at you. She loves you. She looks that way because she is feeling bad about something. Kiss her again, Mary, and make her glad." And while, her baby eyes full of love and tenderness, the little one kissed the picture, Father Casey thought he understood better than ever before the truths which he had so often preached, namely, that faith takes deepest root in the heart of those that have been surrounded by a Catholic atmosphere in the home and in the school from earliest childhood, and that Holy Church succeeds better by her symbols and her ceremonies in making her children understand the deep mysteries of salvation than any human words could ever do.

"Why Dad's mamma feel bad?" persisted Mary.

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Catherine.

"I know," cried Terence, "it's because the Little Jesus broke His shoelace. See, His shoe is falling off."

"No," objected Larry, "it's because there's an angel on each side shaking a stick at Him. He's scared; look at the way he's holding His Mother's hand. Catherine, what are the angels shaking sticks at Him for? Read what it says there on the picture."

"I can't read it. The letters are made so funny," said the girl after a vain attempt to decipher them.

Father Casey decided that he would postpone his breviary to some more propitious time and turned to the children.

"I will tell you why you cannot read them, Catherine," he said, "they're Greek, and you haven't learned Greek yet. The four highest letters stand for the words 'Mother of God.' The letters over the angel on the right stand for the words 'Archangel Gabriel,' and over the angel on the left, for 'Archangel Michael.' The letters over the Infant's head stand for the words 'Jesus Christ.' Catherine was right in saying that the Mother of God was feeling bad. In fact the picture used to be called 'The Sorrowful One'; now it is called 'Our Lady of Perpetual Help.' She is feeling bad because she is thinking of the bitter passion her Divine Son will one day be obliged to suffer on account of

our sins. The angels are holding, not sticks, but the instruments of the Saviour's passion, the Lance, the Reed and the Sponge, the Cross and the Nails. The Divine Child was perhaps playing on the floor when the angels appeared to Him and showed Him the instruments that would one day cause Him such bitter torments. In His fright He runs to His mother for help and clings piteously to her hand, still gazing at the terrifying vision. One of His sandals became loosened as He ran. His mother can do nothing but look at us in sorrow and reproach as if to say: 'How can you make my dear Child suffer so?' The story of this picture is most interesting and wonderful. Would you children like to hear it?"

"Yes, yes, please, uncle Tim!" came the answer in chorus.

"The Redeptorist Fathers, continued the priest, are celebrating this year the Golden Jubilee of the recovery and restoration to public veneration of the miraculous image of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, and they have asked me to preach one of the Jubilee sermons in their big church in the city. That is how I know the story so well. I have read all I could find about it in order that I might write my sermon."

"What do you write your sermons for, uncle Tim? So that you can send them to the newspaper?" queried Catherine.

"No, child, I write them so that I'll know what I am going to talk about. But now for the story: Terence's picture is a copy of the miraculous picture of our Lady of Perpetual Help venerated in the Redeptorist Church of San Alfonso in Rome. The miraculous image was painted on wood in red, blue and gold, over six hundred years ago. The painter must have been a native of Greece for the style of the picture is Greek or Byzantine. Some claim that it is a development of the picture of the Blessed Virgin said to have been painted by the Evangelist, Luke, who wrote so much about her and who knew her so well. At any rate the picture was venerated for a long time in the island of Crete, or Candia, not very far from Salonika, which you have heard your papa talking about since the War broke out. About four hundred years ago the Turks invaded the island with a great army. They burned the churches and made fun of and destroyed the holy pictures they found there. In order to preserve from profanation the miraculous picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, a pious merchant of Crete took it with him to a ship and sailed for Italy."

"Wasn't he afraid of submarines?" interrupted Terence.

"There were no such things, my boy. In those days men were hardly able to build ships that could sail on the water, let alone under it. In fact a bad storm blew up while they were midway on their journey. Such a storm would hardly make the passengers on one of our present day ocean liners miss a meal, but it was too much for the poor old boat. Just as the sailors had given up in despair saying that everybody would surely go to the bottom, the merchant brought the picture on board and ordered all to kneel down and pray to the Mother of God in heaven for help. They had no sooner obeyed him than the storm stopped all of a sudden and they were saved. A few days later they arrived at Ostia, which is at the mouth of the Tiber, the river that flows through Rome."

—Sacred Heart Review.

THE MUSICIAN'S ROSARY

One of the greatest musicians of the last century was the celebrated composer Gluck. He learned the first elements of his art under the vaulted arches of a cathedral where he was a chorister in his young days. He was a slender, pale, delicate child, said the historian of his life. His parents were poor and they came one day to present him to the provost of the Cathedral of Vienna in order that he might be admitted among the children who sing the praises of the Lord. His voice was so beautiful, it had such purity of expression, that when he sang the Cathedral was filled with an immense crowd who listened to him with delight. He grew up in his art, and in piety as well. The harmonies of the organ moved him at times to tears.

Toward evening when the setting sun was scattering over the marble floor patches of green and gold from the stained glass windows, the child, prostrate before the Tabernacle, prayed and meditated. One day he sang better even than was his wont some hymn to the Blessed Virgin, and one of the religious brethren drew near to him, greatly moved. Pressing him to his heart, "My son," he said, "you have made me shed today the most joyful tears of my life. I have nothing to give you as a pledge of my delight, but take this set of beads, keep it in memory of Brother Anselm; recite it daily, at least in part and if you are faithful to this pious practice you will be as dear to God as it is clear you will one day be great among men."

Gluck was faithful to his beads. His family was too poor to have him continue his studies, but one evening a knock was heard at the door of their modest little dwelling. It was a celebrated master who had been commissioned to gather up in Italy the musical works of Palestrina. He took the boy with him, and promised to finish his course of instruction. From that time on, Gluck made great strides on the

Boeril gives strength to win. On sale at all Druggists and Stores.

path of art, but he was always faithful to his practices of piety.

At the court of Vienna, in the midst of amusement, when evening fell, men saw the illustrious master withdraw a little, and, like a priest with his breviary, seek out some lonely spot where he could say his beads. And when death, after a glorious life, came to strike him down, he was found ready; he still held in his hand the poor yet precious set of beads of Brother Anselm.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE NAME OF PATRICK

Cardinal O'Connell of Boston in speaking of the odium into which the name of charity has fallen happily illustrates his point by citing a similar abuse of the name of Patrick:

"Here is an instance at hand. Patrick, meaning a patrician, a noble name—but Patrick was the name of Ireland's patron saint. If you hate saints, you will have one motive for removing all honor from the name of Patrick. If you hate Ireland, you will have another powerful motive. So you begin by getting people to laugh at Paddy; and, as parents don't like to have their children's names laughed at, the spineless ones the time-serving ones, will not call their sons Patrick any more, but, well, we shall say Waldorf or Oswald—names which mean as much to a Celt as Chin-Chin does to a Bostonian. Nevertheless the trick works, and little by little the noble and beautiful and illustrious name of Patrick disappears, until a generation arrives that sees through the contemptible trick and brings back the proud name into its old high honor again."

Now you begin to see what is going to happen to the word charity, if we allow this trick to be worked under our eyes. Charity means love. In the Christian sense love has for its highest object God. In that sense nothing can exclude God from love. Charity, therefore, means love of God prompting love of our fellow-men. This was the word which thrilled Christianity in the Ages of Faith, which rescued the slave, which aided the unfortunate.—The Monitor.

THE ANGELIC LEADER

There is perhaps not a saint of the Church the lesson of whose life Catholics can more profitably ponder than St. Thomas Aquinas, the Angelic Teacher of the Church. Great as was his learning, great as is his authority in the schools, his purity of life remains his first claim to the loving remembrance and imitation of the Christian world. While there are comparatively few who can hope to follow him on the high roads of learning, there is none who cannot, with God's grace, follow him on the narrow path of pure living. And it is not too much to say that in our day there are perhaps many who deem it more noble to be learned than to be angelically pure. It is in the air about us that our youth must "sow its wild oats," that it must learn the ways of the world by following upon them, that it must see that all life contains by tasting of even its forbidden pleasures. How few young men there are who have the courage to refuse to enter on the "primrose path" for fear of the rally of their friends. Almost the greatest indignity which one can offer a modern young man is to say of him that he is "one of the pious kind."

And yet it is only too true that it is easy to teach any man evil ways. It requires great strength of character in the face of one's unruly passions to hold one's self in leash. Fanned by the luxuriant warmth of passion, it is far easier to sin than to shake one's self free and flee. And to flee from danger is manly, because prudent. To refuse to do what is unbecomingly more manly than to ride with pride and give one's self over to the devil. To fight the devil during a lifetime requires splendid courage. And this is what the saints, and more especially St. Thomas Aquinas, succeeded in doing by cooperation with the grace which was given them, as it is given to each and every one of us. If, then, St. Thomas succeeded in keeping his soul white as an angel's wing, it was

CAPITAL TRUST CORPORATION. Authorized Capital, \$2,000,000. BOARD OF DIRECTORS: President: M. J. O'Brien, Renfrew. Vice-Presidents: Hon. S. N. Parent, Ottawa; Denis Murphy, Ottawa; R. P. Gough, Toronto; A. E. Corrigan, Ottawa.

because he brought the natural nobility of his character to work in harmony with the graces that came down upon him from heaven. St. Thomas doubtless, would have found it a thousand times easier to listen to the siren voice of his clamorous passions just as any one of us would find it so; but, realizing the presence of God, the heinousness of sin, the beauty of grace, the existence of a future world where he would have to give an account of his life, he found it wiser and manlier to accept the Gospel standards of living.—Rosary Magazine.

Safe, Clean Cooking. SAFE, because the oil tank is away from the heat, and because the height of flame cannot vary. Clean, because there are no wicks to smoke or need trimming. Burners can be regulated to give degree of heat desired, and when not in operation are left completely up out of oil contact. The asbestos lining and dead air space, and glass door of "Success" oven ensure heat retention and visible baking. An economical cooker and baker, beautiful in appearance. McClary's FLORENCE OIL COOK STOVES. Wickless, Valveless, Blue Flame, Automatic.

Kicked off the Blankets Kant Katch Kold. WHEN mother leaves her infant asleep in the crib she feels easy in her mind if the house is heated by the Safford hot water system. She knows if baby should happen to kick off the blankets that the exposure to the warm Safford-air will do him no harm. Safford Boilers and Radiators. are the right kind of protection for the children. By means of the special choke damper (an exclusive Safford feature) and the thermometer on top of the boiler the Safford heating system can be regulated to produce an even temperature of seventy degrees (or whatever temperature required), no matter how zero the weather or how strong the wind. The Safford system is economical on fuel, too—70 per cent. of the Safford boiler's heating surface is direct; that is, immediately under the fire. Ordinary boilers have but 61 per cent. The more direct the heating, the less the fuel required. If all the hot air furnaces and ordinary boilers in use in this locality were replaced by Safford heating systems the coal dealers would indeed feel blue. There would be such a falling off in the consumption of coal. As soon as a man puts a Safford system in his home the coal dealer notices it, for his customer buys at least one-third less coal. Show that you, too, are interested in the subject of coal economy and adequate protection for your children by writing for our "Home Heating" booklet. Others have found this book intensely interesting. So will you.

FISH NETS. WE SELL NETS AND NETTING OF ALL KINDS. GUNS, TRAPS, SPORTING GOODS. JOHN HALLAM, Limited. 431 HALLAM BUILDING - TORONTO.

SHE PATIENTLY BORE DISGRACE. A Sad Letter from a Lady whose Husband was Dissipated. How She Cured Him with a Secret Remedy.

Safe, Clean Cooking. I had for years patiently borne the disgrace, suffering, misery and privations due to my husband's drinking habits. Hearing of your marvellous remedy for the cure of drunkenness, which I could give my husband secretly, I decided to try it. I procured a package and mixed it in his food and coffee, and, as the remedy was odorless and tasteless, he did not know what it was that so quickly relieved his craving for liquor. He soon began to pick up flesh, his appetite for solid food returned, he stuck to his work regularly, and we now have a happy home. After he was completely cured I told him what I had done, when he acknowledged that it had been his saving, as he had not the resolution to break off of his own accord. I hereby advise all women afflicted as I was to give your remedy a trial. FREE—SEND NO MONEY. I will send free trial package and booklet giving full particulars, testimonials, etc., to any sufferer or friend who wishes to help. Write to-day. Plain sealed package. Correspondence strictly confidential. E. R. HERD, Samaria Remedy Co., 1421 Mutual Street Toronto, Canada.

WHOOPIING COUGH. SPASMODIC CROUP, ASTHMA, COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, CATARRH, COLDS. Vapo-Cresolene. A simple, safe and effective treatment avoiding drugs. Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Spasmodic Croup at once. It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma. The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy; soothes the sore throat and stops the coughing, assuring restful nights, with young children. Used with Sleep.

Your Washing Done for a Week. Make the water from the faucet in your own home do the work. I have built a new "1900" water power washing machine. I consider this machine the most wonderful washer ever put on the market. Built of the highest quality selected material it is as sturdy and durable as a machine can be made. Can be sold at a price within reach of all. I will guarantee that this machine will not tear durable buttons or fray the edges of the most delicate fabrics. It will wash everything from heavy blankets to the finest lace without damage to the goods.

BELLS, PEALS, CHIMES. Send for catalogue. Our bells made of selected Copper and Brass. Tins, Fountains for the Home, Vases, and other articles. W. B. MORRIS, Manager, 1900 WASHER COMPANY, 357 Yonge Street, Toronto.

THE MARTIN DITCHER AND GRADER. DIGS YOUR DITCHES GRADES YOUR ROADS. EASILY QUICKLY CHEAPLY. REVERSIBLE ADJUSTABLE. DOES THE WORK OF 50 MEN. SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET. THE PRESTON CAR & COACH CO. LIMITED, 65 DEVIN ST. PRESTON CANADA.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

MADE IN CANADA

NO ALUM

MADE IN CANADA

CONTAINS NO ALUM

E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED

WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

Kerr, who is so distinguished a Catholic that he was chosen unanimously to succeed the late Duke of Norfolk as head of one of the most effective Catholic bodies amongst English speaking Catholics, "The Catholic Union."—T. in The Guardian.

A. O. H. PROVINCIAL BOARD IN SESSION

The annual meeting of the Provincial Board of the A. O. H., for New Brunswick and Nova Scotia covering about fifty Divisions, met in Chatham on Monday and by means of a night session disposed of an ordinary two days' work in one day.

The Board found the finances of the order in good condition and among the resolutions passed was the following:

Chatham, N. B., April 11.

To the Right Honorable Robert Laird Borden, London, England:

The Provincial Officers of the Ancient Order of Hibernians for the Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick request you to place the following resolution before the British Prime Minister and his colleagues at the forthcoming Imperial Conference.

That we resolved—

Be it, the Provincial Officers of the Ancient Order of Hibernians for the Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, in convention assembled, and speaking for tens of thousands of the Irish race and loyal subjects of the British Empire, view with alarm the recent action of the British Cabinet in its failure to put into immediate operation the Irish Home Rule Bill; and that we are moved thereunto more urgently since the entrance of the great United States of America, where the hearty cooperation of the Irish will be a source of great strength, into the struggle for the rights of small nations and the inviolability of pledged faith.

D. J. SHEA, Prov. Sec.

OBITUARY

PATRICK GORMAN

"He stood four square To all the winds that blow"

Death during the past few years has carried off many worthy citizens of Sudbury, but few indeed have passed away, whose removal has created the same feeling of profound and widespread grief as that of Patrick Gorman, whose unexpected demise took place on Wednesday morning.

The deceased was born in Eganville forty-two years ago, where he received his education in the Separate school. He came to the Sudbury district about sixteen years ago in the capacity of scaler in the lumber woods and later was employed in doing similar work for the government.

In 1907 he became a resident of Sudbury, when he opened a real estate business in which he was highly successful, so much so that for the past few years he had been considered one of Sudbury's heaviest property owners. He was a foremost figure in every project for the good of the town, and in this respect his unselfishness and prodigality of his own time was characteristic of the man. He took a deep interest in Board of Trade matters and whether in his capacity as secretary, vice-president, or president, he gave his talents fully, freely and without remuneration.

In 1916 his fellow members of the Board bestowed upon him the highest honor in their power—that of president, and for the present year they honored themselves by returning him by acclamation—a deserved tribute to one of the most conscientious, one of the most industrious and one of the best business men the Board has ever had for its presiding officer. He also served for several years on the Separate School Board, and was a prominent member of the Catholic Order of Foresters, in the former as Grand Knight, and in the latter as Chief Ranger.

The funeral this morning, March 28th, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, was one of the largest and most representative that has been seen in Sudbury. The Knights of Columbus, Foresters, and members of the Board of Trade were present in separate bodies, and these were supplemented by a great attendance of individual citizens. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. Father Charles O'Gorman of Eganville, as celebrant, with Father Drole as deacon and Father Donovan as sub-deacon. The pall-bearers were six knights of Columbus: Messrs. Murray, Mulligan, J. O'Byrne, J. L. O'Grady, J. Racicot, A. P. Kutshaw, J. Killoran.

The late Mr. Gorman is survived by his widow and two young children, his mother, five sisters—two in Eganville, Mrs. McMullen, of Pembroke, Mrs. J. Laberge, of Chelmsford, and Miss Josephine in Alberta; two brothers, Mack of Sudbury, and John of Toronto. Other near relatives are: Father O'Gorman, of Eganville; M. J. O'Gorman, of Spanish Mills; B. O'Gorman, of Cobalt; James and Edward Leamy, of Pembroke. Messrs. Jos. Sheedy, E. Bunyan, and J. Lambertson were present at the funeral as representatives of the Knights of Columbus of North Bay.—The Sudbury Mining News.

CURIOUS CATHOLIC COINCIDENCES

Some years ago when the United States and England felt called upon to have a conference over some Behring sea problem it was observed at the time that the leading counsel for both nations were Catholics, Frederic Couderc, representing the United States, and Sir Charles Russell representing England. When King George V. took the Royal Oath at his accession to the throne of England, the one to receive it was the Duke of Norfolk, the leading Catholic layman of the country. When President Wilson took the oath prescribed for the head of this nation, the man to administer the oath was the Catholic Chief Justice White.

With the death of Admiral Dewey, the chief position in the American navy fell to Rear Admiral William Shephard Benson, who is both a Catholic and a prominent Knight of Columbus. The present admiral of the English fleet is Lord Walter

formed a circle about the catafalque. Then the Cardinal read the service for the dead. The dim light of the cathedral; the sea of silent people; the great cenotaph with its flags, its stately, flickering candles; the circle of dignitaries chosen to represent the prayers for those who had died in defense of the standard that now covered them—was it strange that, as his voice ceased and he moved slowly toward the sacristy door by which he was to depart, the overwhelming tide of emotion swept aside all barriers, and the ancient cathedral echoed with cries of "Vive le Roi!"—"Vive Monseigneur!"

The Cardinal went straight forward, looking neither to the right nor to the left, the tears streaming down his cheeks.—Charlotte Kellogg, in the Atlantic Monthly.

evangelical total of \$566,114.91. This does not include presents and royalties on books, post cards, sermons, etc. While it is asserted in some quarters that the entire campaign is a syndicated proposition, the writer already quoted would not be responsible for this statement, but holds that "certainly a few persons in an inner circle receive an immoderately large return for their services."—America.

CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY

REMAILING DEPARTMENT

The Catholic Truth Society of Canada again appeals for volunteers in the work of remailing Catholic newspapers and magazines. Every person who receives one or more Catholic publications in his home is asked to send his name to the Society and he will be promptly furnished with the name and address of some person or family who stands in need of this class of reading, and to whom he can recall his papers when read. The names furnished by the Society are those of persons who either through indifference or financial disability, would not otherwise receive Catholic reading matter. Persons having an accumulation of old Catholic magazines, such as Sacred Heart Messengers, Ave Maria, Truth, Benzigers, etc., are asked to send them, post paid, to the office of the Society. One hundred and three, five pound parcels of such literature have been shipped to missionaries in outlying parts of the country in the past month, for distribution among their people. Old prayer books are also welcome. Address communications to the Office of the Society, 67 Bond St., Toronto.

EATING DIME MEALS

"DIET SQUADS" ARE EXPERIMENTING IN FOOD VALUES IN MANY CITIES

TEN CENTS WILL BUY A GOOD MEAL UNDER PRESENT HIGH PRICES

The investigation of food values in many cities in Canada and the United States has taken the form of "diet squads." First there was the Chicago experiment, and it demonstrated that a good, husky policeman can get along very nicely and maintain top-notch strength on food that costs twenty-five cents a day. Then came the attack on the high cost of living in Fresno, California. The net result of the Fresno experiment, which was conducted under the direction of Mrs. Blanche Taft of the Household Arts Department of the State Normal School, is this: that one hundred and five wholesome meals, or three meals a day for seven days and for five persons can be served for the sum of \$10.60. This represents an average of approximately ten cents a meal for each person.

It should not have required the formation of "diet squads" to acquaint the housewife with the fact that most of the expensive foods have the least nutritive value. All one needs to do is to look at a table of food values, which he will find in almost any modern work on Dietetics. When it comes to calories, which is the chemist's name for the unit by which heat and energy are measured, it is found that a thousand calories in the shape of whole wheat or dried beans cost at present prices from two to three cents, while the same number of calories in sirloin beef would cost twenty-four cents. When bought in the shape of turkey a thousand calories would cost forty cents.

All of which shows that even at present prices of foods in Canada it is possible to get a good, nourishing meal for a few cents if one only knows something about food values. The greatest amount of protein (tissue builder) for the least money can be purchased in a whole wheat food. When you buy a whole wheat food, however, it is important to have it prepared in the most digestible form. In shredded wheat biscuit you have all the body-building elements in the whole wheat grain steam-cooked, shredded and baked, which is without doubt the best process ever devised for preparing the whole wheat train for the human stomach. These little loaves of baked wheat lend themselves to all sorts of delicious combinations with fruits or creamed vegetables. Two or three of these biscuits with milk make a nourishing, strengthening meal on which to start the day's work at a cost of only a few cents. They are a better balanced ration than meat, eggs, or potatoes, and being ready-cooked and ready-to-eat, are so easy to serve without any kitchen worry or bother.

A GOLDEN GOSPELLER

The Billy Sunday revival meetings have now successfully won their way from small western towns to the most populous eastern city. "To those," says Hamilton Schuyler in the American Church Monthly, "who are impressed by the ability of Sunday to command a cash return for his evangelistic efforts that far exceeds the salary paid to an operator star of the first magnitude, to say nothing of that enjoyed by the President of the United States, the revivalist is doubtless regarded as the biggest success of the age." The so-called "free-will offering" he describes as obtained by districting a city and bringing pressure to bear upon the various individuals visited by the Sunday solicitors. "In some instances it is not too much to say that arguments are used which approximate the nature of a polite blackmail." The result of these methods may be judged by the following list of Billy Sunday offerings compiled by the Alarm: Colorado Springs, Cal., \$6,111.68; Portsmouth, O., \$7,100; Lima, O., \$8,050; Beaver Falls, Pa., \$10,000; Denver, Colo., \$10,000; Wichita, Kan., \$10,111; South Bend, Ind., \$11,200; Erie, Pa., \$17,665; Springfield, O., \$12,000; Canton, O., \$12,500; Des Moines, Ia., \$13,000; McKeesport, Pa., \$13,438; Johnstown, Pa., \$14,000; Toledo, O., \$15,428; Wheeling, W. Va., \$17,450; Columbus, O., \$20,939.58; Wilkes-Barre, \$22,288.90; Scranton, \$22,398; Pittsburg, \$46,000; Kansas City, Mo., \$32,000; Baltimore, Md., \$40,000; Trenton, N. J., \$35,000; Syracuse, N. Y., \$25,000; Omaha, Neb., \$20,000; Paterson, N. J., \$25,000; Philadelphia, \$61,190; Boston, \$55,000, a grand

ARCHBISHOP OF CHICAGO PLEDGES SUPPORT

Chicago, April 10.—Every drop of Catholic blood in Chicago, every penny of the great wealth of the Catholic Church was pledged to support the United States to-night against her enemies by Archbishop George M. Mundelein of the diocese of Chicago.

Prelates, priests and laymen, five hundred in number, jumped to their feet and greeted this statement with cheers and applause lasting ten minutes. The meeting was held for the purpose of consolidating the charities of the Catholic Church under a central bureau. The Archbishop said: "Now that war has begun, none of us can tell how long it will last, what the cost in human life may be, and what sacrifices all of us must bring."

"In this hour of crisis I pledge the loyalty of our Catholic people to our flag, from the little drummer boy in the orphan's asylum to the aged veteran in the old folks' home of every priest, sister, adult and schoolchild, to our country's flag. Our priests will take to the battlefield and the battleships. Already I have arranged with the naval authorities to place chaplains aboard various vessels. Our Sisters of Charity will be ready, as of old, and every Catholic hospital and institution in the country will place its buildings, equipment and resources at the Government's disposal. And this, remember, we do gladly, at our own expense."

DENOUNCES BIGOTRY

Dr. Washington Gladden, the famous Congregationalist minister in his Washington Day's address on "Patriotism" before the Knights of Columbus in Pennsylvania, condemned the intolerance of the anti-Catholic element and told how all good citizens should live and work together in Christian charity. He said:

"In the first place it is necessary for us to recognize that there are differences between us, serious differences, of belief. Every good Catholic believes a lot of things which to me are incredible, and he would find much in my creed that was not only inadequate, but impossible. But I can pray with Thomas a Kempis, and I can sing with Newman and Faber and Adelaide Procter. In all the deepest experiences of the religious life I know that I am one with them, and that is a fact of which I, for one, am going to make the most.

"In the second place, I think that it is safe for us all on both sides, to make up our minds not only that we will tell no lies about each other but that we will discourage the circulation of all discreditable stories about each other. It is simply amazing, the amount of infamous fabrication about their neighbors that is invented and kept in circulation by persons who call themselves patriots and Christians. 'You can't believe everything you hear,' said one man to his neighbor. 'No,' said the other, 'but you can repeat it.' That is the natural history of slander in tabloid form. We can put that sort of thing under our feet.

"In the third place, we can all determine to see the best side of those who differ from us; to put the best construction on their words and their lives; to believe all things good of them, and when things are less good than we could wish, to hope for better things; to be glad when they do well and sorry when they go wrong. If the words of Jesus Christ have any meaning for us, this is how we ought to feel even towards our enemies, if we have enemies, and it surely ought not to be hard

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

Original Charter 1854

60c. Each Postpaid
50 Copies, \$22.50
100 " 44.00

YOUTH is eminently the fittest season for establishing habits of thrift.

Dr. Farr

The Home Bank particularly desires the patronage of the young man who comes with a dollar to open a savings account. A neat pocket pass-book is provided, and kept regularly posted, with the interest added as it matures.

Full Compound Interest paid at highest bank rate on Savings Deposits of One Dollar and upwards.

BRANCHES AND CONNECTIONS THROUGHOUT CANADA

Local Offices: LONDON, 394 Richmond St. (Opposite Smallman & Ingram's)

KOMOKA THORNDALE ILDRERTON
DELAWARE MELBOURNE LAWRENCE STATION

for us to think and feel like this toward our Christian brethren whose opinions differ from our own. And if all of us, Catholics and Protestants will try to learn these simple lessons of charity for one another, we shall soon rejoice in the disappearance from our lives and from the land, of those religious rancors that mar our Christian characters and disgrace and cripple the Church of Christ, and destroy the peace and imperil the life of the nation."—The Monitor.

FRANCE BECOMING MORE RELIGIOUS

It is always a source of much pleasure to hear of the revival of religion in any country, but it is especially consoling to learn that France, the eldest daughter of the Church, is once more returning to her former religious fervor. In a recent number of the London Daily Chronicle, Major William Redmond, M. P., writing about the religious revival of the French people, said: "The spectacle of thousands of priests marching and fighting for the country and the flag has touched deeply the heart of France and many a man who was, perhaps, ready enough to proclaim himself an anti-cleric will never so describe himself any more. The bravery displayed by the French priests in battle (2,000 have been killed) has been only equalled by their devotion to their holy office.

"It is hard, of course, to judge of the real depth or intensity of religious feeling, but all one can say is that if this can be done by noticing the attendance at church, then the religion of France is today very true and very sincere."

Friendship can sometimes show its strength as much by the readiness with which it accepts benefits as by the freedom with which it gives them.

True unselfishness consists, not in always denying one's self but rather, in simply ignoring self; the former implies duty; the latter, love.—Esther Sandroch.

DIED

SWEENEY.—At Inroquois, Ont., April 7, 1917, Mrs. Rose Sweeney, aged seventy years. May her soul rest in peace.

KENNEY.—At Dublin, Ont., on April 5th, William Kenney, aged eighty-two years. May his soul rest in peace.

KEHOE.—At Pembroke, Ont., on Monday, April 9, Mrs. Peter Kehoe, in her eighty-first year. May her soul rest in peace.

Before Insuring Your Life

PLEASE OBTAIN THE RATES OF THE MUTUAL LIFE OF NEW YORK

75 years honorable record; no stockholders to pay dividends to; all the profits go to the policyholders. No trying up your profits for 5, 10 or 20 years. Dividends paid annually, while you are alive to receive them

LONDON OFFICE
Royal Bank Building, 2nd Floor
TAKE THE ELEVATOR

TEACHERS WANTED

TEACHER WANTED FOR C. SEPARATE school, No. 1, Morley. Salary \$450. Duties to begin after Easter holidays. Apply to John J. Hunt, Stratton, Ont. 309-2

QUALIFIED TEACHER FOR C. S. S. NO. 6, North Burgess; duties to commence after Easter. Salary \$450 per annum. Apply stating qualifications and experience to M. E. Mooney, Newboro, Ont. 308-3

WANTED
A TORONTO GENTLEMAN WITH WIFE and nine year old son would like to board the summer on a farm, near water and convenient to Mass. Apply Box J, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ont. 3010-2

Catholic Books

LARGEST STOCK IN CANADA
CATALOGUES FREE

W. E. BLAKE & SON, LTD.
123 CHURCH ST. TORONTO

ST. JOHN'S LIBRARY

60c. Each Postpaid
50 Copies, \$22.50
100 " 44.00

Aunt Honor's Keepsake, by Mrs. James Sadlier. An interesting story with a strong moral purpose. The characters are not with in every walk of American society, in every trade and calling, in every nook and corner. They are real.

Alvira, or The Heroine of Vessiviu, by Rev. A. J. O'Reilly. A thrilling story of the seventeenth century.

African Fables, The; translated by Right Rev. Mr. Joseph O'Connell, D. D., Dean of the Life of St. Perpetua, who suffered martyrdom together with her slave, Felicitas, at Carthage in the year 303. One of the most moving in the annals of the Church.

Alchemist's Secret, The; by Isabel Cecilia Williams. This collection of short stories is not the sort written simply for amusement; they have their simple, direct teaching, and they lead us to think and to pity scores and trials of others rather than our own.

Alas Kitty Casey, by Marie Gertrude Williams. Kitty Casey is in reality Catherine Casey, a girl threatened with infidelity, who in an endeavor to secure herself, and at the same time enjoy the advantages of the country in summer time, accepts a menial position in a hotel, taking the position of waitress refused by her. A romance cleverly told. The story is well written, and a romance cleverly told.

Beach Bluff, by Fanny Warner. A tale of the South before the Civil War. Two characters are contained in this volume: "Agnes," and "For Many Days."

Blakes and Frangans, by Mrs. James Sadlier. This book is the masterpiece of the illustrious author whose writings have made name and honor and word among the Catholics of America.

Borrowed From The Night, by Anna C. Minogue. Miss Minogue has a way of showing her readers the delightful Southern character in all its charm and gentility. Her stories are laid in Rome and "The Night," without being fascinated with Miss Martinez, whose early life is surrounded with so much interest.

Cardome, by Anna C. Minogue. A Romance of Kentucky. Much has been written of the troublesome times from 1861 to 1865, but seldom has a Catholic author taken this historic half decade as material for a story. Miss Minogue is a resident of Kentucky, and she presents to her readers a picture of the confusion and uncertainty which existed in that state. The story is admirably presented and bristles with romance and adventure.

Callista, by Cardinal Newman. A tale of the Third Century, attempting to imagine, and express the feelings and relations between Christians and heathens of that time.

Captain Koscob, by Raoul de Navery. A thrilling story of fearlessness and adventure.

Catholic Crusades, by Rev. J. Anderson, M. A. The adventures of Owen Evans, Esq., Surgeon's Mate, set ashore with companions on a desolate island in the Caribbean Sea.

Cineas, by J. M. Villefranche. A study of civilization and a comparison of history, not only with Paganism, but with the philosophy of the Middle Ages, and towards the close of the reign of Nero. The story is admirably presented and bristles with romance and adventure.

Commander, The; by Charles D'Herouville. An historical novel, written in a simple, clear and concise style, by Hendrick Conscience. Thoroughly interesting and well written, tales of France, including "The Boy of the Bastille," and "The Four Nollemands."

"Dear Jane," by Isabel Cecilia Williams. A sweet, simple tale of a self-sacrificing elder sister whose ambition to marry is crushed, and who is rewarded with a grace and interest that are irresistible.

Faith, Hope and Charity, by Anonymous. An exceedingly interesting and well written tale of adventure during the exciting times of the French Revolution.

Fernicelle, Fernicelle is the name of a large estate in Devonshire, England, the home of Agnes Falkland, who, with her husband, the late Sir Francis Macdonald, furnish the interesting events and the second influence of which Agnes Falkland is the innocent cause.

Four Great Events of the Day, by Cardinal Manning. Happy Christmas! The Boys of the Bastille, and other Catholic stories for boys, including "A Little Heroine," "Ned's Baseball Club," "Terry and His Friends," "The Boy of the Bastille," and "A Christmas Stocking."

Hawthorn, by Mrs. M. Thompson. A story of American life founded on fact.

Heir of Kirogan, by Mrs. J. Sadlier. History and fiction combined.

In The Crucible, by Isabel Cecilia Williams. These stories of high endeavor, of the patient bearing of pain, the sacrifice of life for the good, are based on the divine true story of Him Who gave all for us and died in Calvary's Cross (St. Francis Review).

Kathleen's Motto, by Genevieve Walsh. An interesting and inspiring story of a young lady whose simplicity and honesty, succeeds in spite of discouraging difficulties.

Lady Annabel, and The Shepherd Boy, by Elizabeth M. Stewart. A Catholic tale of England, in which the love of a humble shepherd boy for the daughter of a noble and rich family, is ridiculed. In the course of time various opportunities present themselves for the noble and rich to marry a more favorable light, and results in her marriage.

Late Miss Hollingford, by Rosa Mulholland. A simple and delightful story of a young lady who has written a number of books for young ladies which have met with popular favor.

Louise Kirkbridge, by Mrs. J. Sadlier. A dramatic tale of New York City after the Civil War, full of incidents and incidents of a strong religious moral tone.

Maiden Up-to-Date, A; by Genevieve Irons. A story of a young lady who, in the story of a haughty society girl, selfish and arrogant, who awakes to the shallowness of her position through the appreciation of a noble character, who is an example of a young man whom she afterwards marries.

May Brooke, by Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey. The story of two cousins who are left in the care of their very wealthy but stern and stern aunt, who is very religious and is at odds with all the world. It follows the career of the two cousins, who are brought into contact, and contrasts the effect on the two distinct characters.

Mechant of Antwerp, The; by Hendrick Conscience. A novel of impelling interest from beginning to end concerning the romance of the daughter of a diamond merchant and a poor student, who, through the uncertainties of fortune, earns the parental approval in the end.

Merrill's Points, and True, by Mary C. Crowley. A collection of stories for Catholic children, including "Little Begonias," "The Red and Apple Wagon," "The Five Dollars," "A Maria's Trumpet," and "A Family's Religion."

Old House in the Borne, by Mrs. J. Sadlier. Picturing scenes and incidents true to life in an Irish Borough.

Orphan Sisters, The; by Mary I. Hoffman. This is an exceedingly interesting story in which some of the doctrines of the Catholic Church are clearly defined.

Pearl of Antioch, by Abbe Bayle. A charming and powerful story of the early ages of the Church.

Rose Le Blanc, by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. A thoroughly entertaining story for young people by one of the best known Catholic authors.

Rosemary, by J. Vincent Huntington. This novel, though written many years ago holds its place among the best stories we have to-day.

Story of Charity, The; by Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey. The story of a Sister of Charity who, as a nurse, attends a non-Catholic family, and after a shipwreck and rescue from almost a hopeless situation, brings the family into the Church of God. It is especially interesting in its descriptions.

Solitary Island, The; by Rev. John Talbot Smith. As mysterious and fascinating in its plot as either of the sensational productions of Archibald Leaver-Gunter, and it contains portraits which would not shame the brush of a Thackeray or Dickens.

Strawcutter's Daughter, The; by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. An interesting Catholic story for young people.

Tangled Paths, by Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey. "As a novel it is not the most admirable, as a Catholic novel it is not the most admirable, but it will compare this very satisfactory production with her earlier works, for instance, 'The Nunc Venittis,' for her improvement is so marked that she seems in her work to have advanced to a new class."—Ave Maria.

The Waters of Contradiction, by Anna C. Minogue. A delightful romance of the South and Southern people, and so strong in its interest that the reader's attention is riveted to the very end of the tale.

Tears On The Dial, by Anna H. Dorsey. A novel of the inner life of Queen Elizabeth. So interesting in its details, and so beautiful in its lay it does not allow the reader to finish the entire story.

Thalia, by Abbe A. Bayle. An interesting and instructive tale of the life of a young girl.

Two Victories, The; by Rev. T. J. Potter. A story of the conflict of faith in a non-Catholic family and their entrance into the Catholic Church.

Tigrares, by Rev. John Joseph Franco, S. J. An absorbing story of the persecutions of Catholics in the fourth century, and the attempt of Julius the Apostate to restore the gods of Rome and Virgil.

Beauty Economy and Permanence

CHURCH officers who are searching for the right combination of beauty, economy and permanence in the finish of ceilings and walls for new or old church buildings should learn about

PEDLAR'S PERFECT METAL CEILING AND WALLS

In all parts of Canada, both city and country, Pedlar's "Perfect Metal Ceilings and Walls" are to be found. They are giving complete satisfaction in Churches, Schools, Theatres, Halls, and other large buildings as well as in innumerable stores and residences.

They promote safety, as they cannot burn, they will never crack or break away, they are easily put on and will last, without repair, as long as the building to which they are attached.

2,000 STYLES and period designs, give you the widest range of choice. Write for descriptive literature and complete color catalog R.E.

THE PEDLAR PEOPLE
LIMITED
(Incorporated 1887)
Executive Offices and Factories:
OSHAWA, ONT.
BRANCHES:
Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, London, Winnipeg, Vancouver.

MISSION SUPPLIES

A DISTINCT SPECIALTY
BEST TERMS

W. E. BLAKE & SON, LTD.
123 CHURCH ST. TORONTO

ALL STEEL FIRE PROOF VESTRY CABINET, \$20

To hold your Censers, Charcoal, etc.

MISSION SUPPLIES
BEST ON THE MARKET

J. J. M. LANDRY
405 YONGE ST. TORONTO

"THE LILY OF THE COAL FIELDS"

By Will W. Whalen

A novel of unusual force, thrilling at times with drama and tragedy, and appealing with tenderest pathos at others. A book that any woman will love because of its sweet, fearless heroine. A book that any man will enjoy because of its vivid pictures of the coal regions and the strong character drawings of the miners. A plea for the downtrodden. Tears and smiles run riot through this delightful story. Read "The Lily" once, and you will read it again.

Order at once

Price 50c. Postpaid

The Catholic Record

LONDON, CANADA

MEMORIAL WINDOWS ENGLISH ANTIQUE

STAINED GLASS

LYON GLASS CO.
141-3 CHURCH ST. TORONTO ONT.

The Catholic Record
LONDON, CANADA